WEEK ENDING APR. 10, 1926

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

In This Issue

BACKSTAGE *by* Ethel Barrymore

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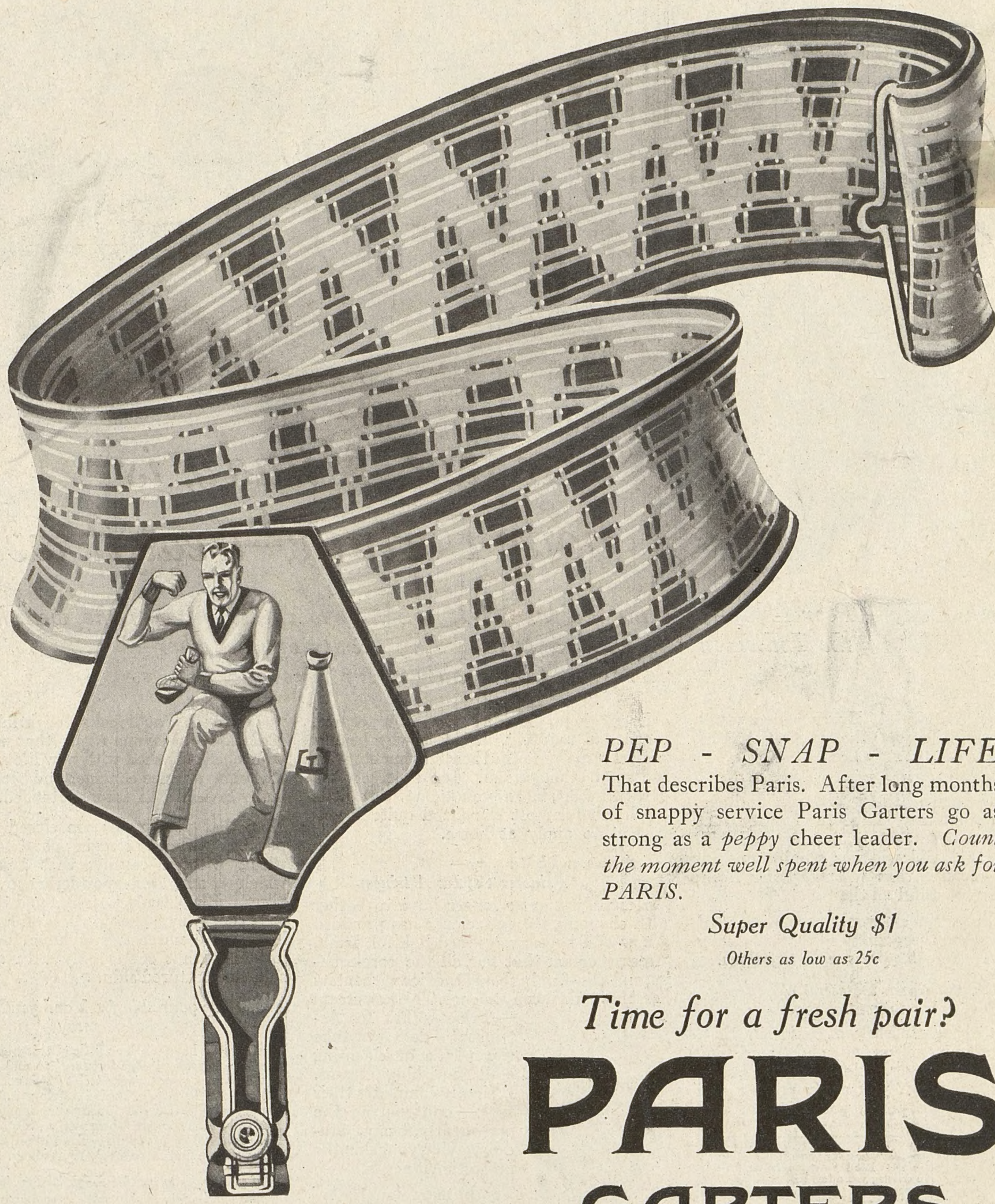

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"Fine Pores Make Fine Skins"

"Your face, *Milady, is your Fortune,—treat it well!*"

Rich Lady—Poor Lady—it's all the same. If you had to choose between the wealth of the Indies on one hand and ravishing beauty on the other—wouldn't you take beauty every time?

Of course you would! Every woman wants the power, the joy, the admiration that glorious beauty always brings.

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All beauty specialists will tell you that, after applying cleansing and nourishing creams, the pores should be closed before powdering. For if you apply powder and rouge over *open* pores, you just clog and enlarge them, making the skin coarse, rough and unlovely. That is why beauty parlors usually finish their treatments with the application of ice. Ice contracts the pores all right, but as you know, it is a little too harsh for most skins and quite inconvenient to apply at home.

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Fortunately you no longer have to bother with chopping ice, for science has provided a new and better way—a delightful, fresh, "freezy" cream that has all the pore-refining and skin-firming benefits of ice without its harshness and inconvenience. This new cream — Princess Pat Ice Astringent—does not take the place of cleansing and nourishing creams. It simply completes their task—contracting the pores gently, firmly, naturally, giving your skin the protection it needs.

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Keep your skin fresh and youthful this new way

Whether you have much or little of this world's goods, your face is really "your fortune," so make the most of it. Stop at your favorite toilet goods counter today and ask for Princess Pat Ice Astringent. See what even one application will do for your complexion—how clear and fresh it becomes; how soft, velvety, exquisitely fine. And notice how, with each additional treatment, it grows more and more lovely right along.

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APRIL 10, 1926

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

UNCLE SAM GOES TO COLLEGE—*An Editorial*

Last week we started to write an editorial and were sidetracked. We wrote explaining the difference between interesting news and important news, and proved the truth of the editorial by overlooking the important part of it.

The important part was a report on American colleges by Dean Raymond Walters of Swarthmore from 184 colleges in the approved list of the Association of American Universities.

This report shows there has been an increase of seven per cent in enrollment of full-time students in the last year, proving that the rate of expansion of colleges during the post-war years still continues. Compared with 1920 the enrollment in twenty-nine universities has increased eighteen per cent.

There were 726,124 students in universities and colleges of the United States in 1923-'24, exclusive of part-time, extension, or business colleges. In 1900 only 65,800 were enrolled.

If the rate of increase shown in the 184 colleges included in the report extends through the 940 institutions in the United States, it means that 50,828 more students will attend colleges each year.

It means either that the colleges and universities must increase their facilities for educating men or women, or that new colleges must be built, or that the colleges and universities must select those they consider fittest for higher education and exclude thousands who are clamoring for more education.

It means that almost one per cent of the total population will be college students within a few years and that approximately five per cent of our total population will be college trained—a proportion unapproached by any peoples in the world, past or present.

This hunger of American youth for higher education has strained the capacity of practically every college in the country. It has enabled colleges to select men and women of purpose and of promise, rejecting the others.

Dartmouth one year had applications from nearly 5,000 men, and can accommodate only about 2,200 in all classes. Princeton has had more than 3,000 applicants a year and admits only 600 to the freshman class. Similar conditions exist almost everywhere.

The figures astonish the world. Columbia's total enrollment is 29,701, the University of California's 24,628, New York University's 19,900, and Minnesota's 18,200.

California leads in full-time students with 16,294. Columbia is second with 11,727.

New York has 8,765, Pennsylvania 8,635, Wisconsin 7,760, Michigan 9,422, Ohio 8,849.

The women's colleges show the same proportionate gains. Smith has 2,153, Wellesley 1,571, Vassar 1,149.

The United States, already the best educated nation in the world through its grade and high schools, has passed even Germany in higher education and is advancing at a rate unknown in any other civilization.

If the seven-per-cent increase is maintained it seems that within the next twenty years—five college generations—practically one-tenth of the total population will have had college training. A nation educated to that extent will be irresistible. Against a nation so educated no other could compete in science, invention, business, or war.

If the college graduates hold to the ideals of college life instead of sloughing them off after class day, the United States will become the greatest moral and intellectual power in history.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

The Great American Crime War

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND, by HUGH FULLERTON, shows us our nation at war with well armed, efficient, organized criminals. We see the reign of terror which makes it possible to buy murder for $15.

ACHMED ABDULLAH contributes LA ZANAHORIA, a thrilling tale of a Spanish dancer, a prince, and a man from Main Street.

P. G. WODEHOUSE writes inimitably of a bashful lover and a bag of flour in THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX OF OLD SIPPY.

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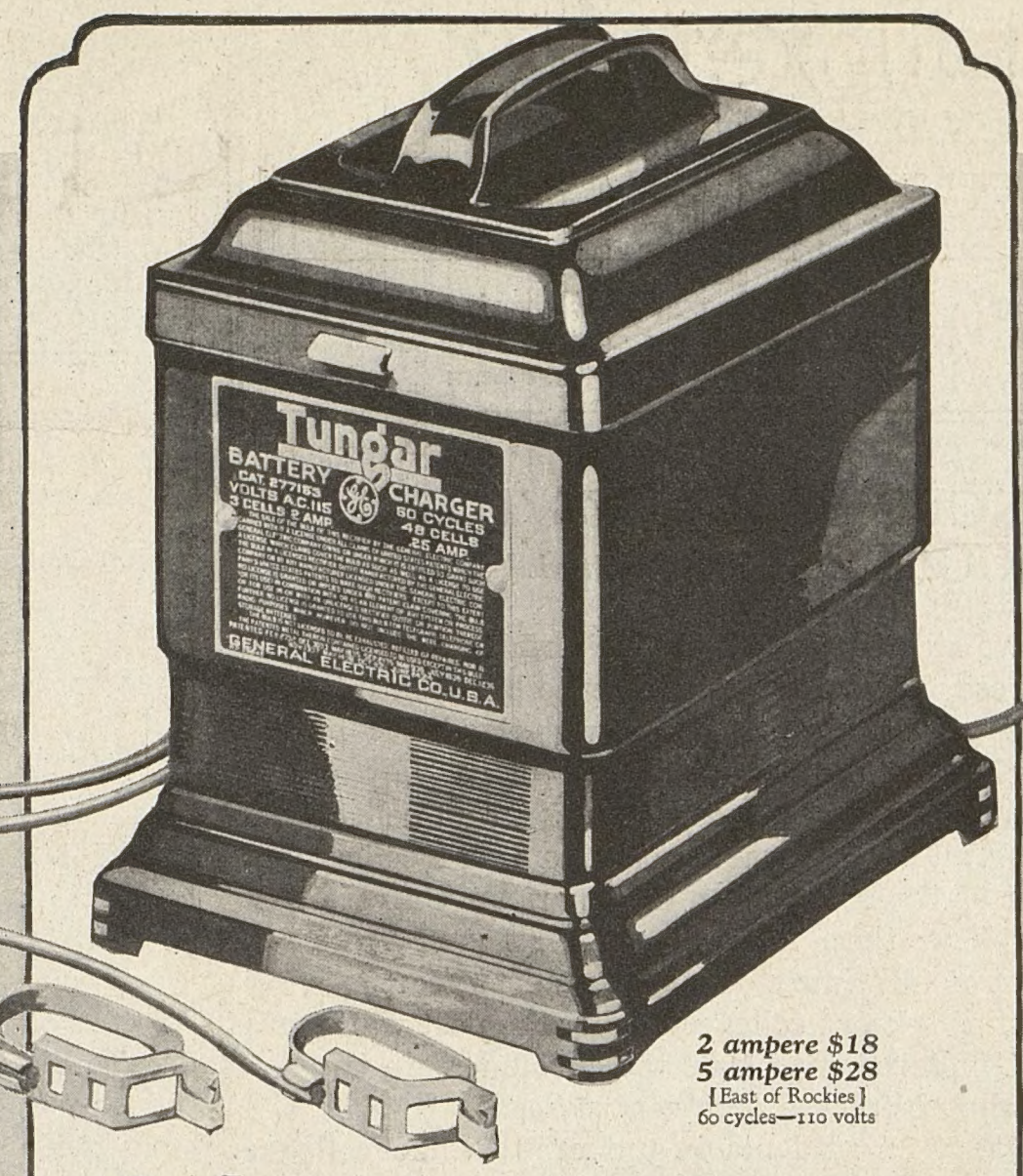

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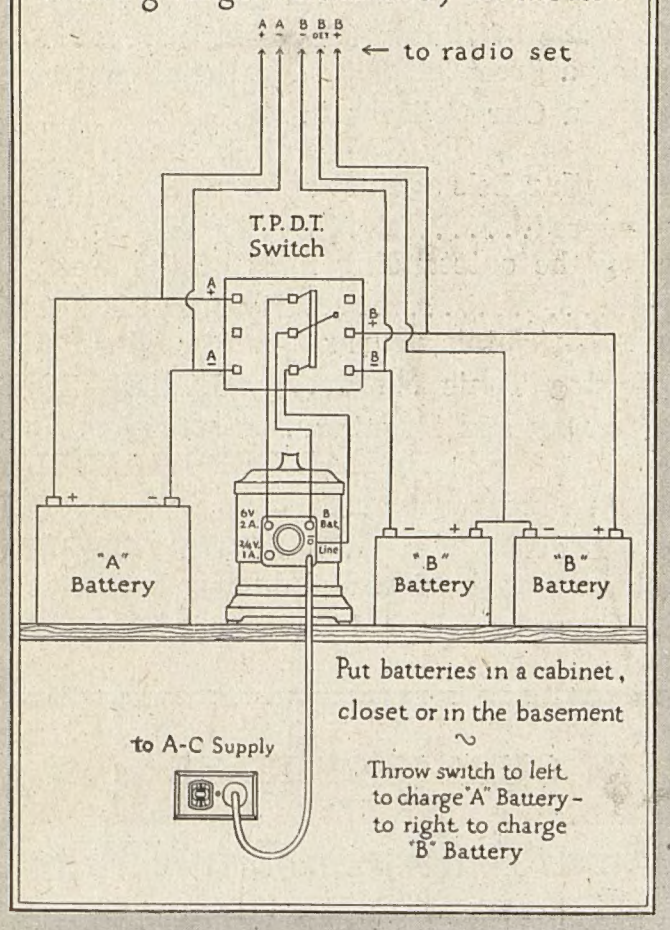

Permanently installed, as shown in this diagram, the Tungar solves most of your battery problems.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Backstage

By ETHEL BARRYMORE

" But I shall always thrill a little to the empty stage at night and the feeling that the people of the play have lingered there in the shadows."

BACKSTAGE.

To most of you this is a realm of mystery where earth-wide journeys are made by the shifting of a scene; where years are melted into minutes by the lowering and raising of a curtain.

I might say, because I am of the stage, that no mystery lives there; that it is nothing more than a workaday space where painted canvases and colored lights are placed and blended to make more real the fragments of romance we bring you.

Picture by SAUL TEPPER

A Great Woman's Wisdom Upon Many Things

But I, too, have felt that mystery. Sometimes late at night, when I have changed to street attire, I step back before the darkened footlights. The last scene has been struck. The wings are folded against the walls. Piles of furniture, like grotesque, misshapen animals, bulk in the gloom. It is at such a time I feel the mystery of the stage. But a short while before a pageant passed there. Hearts were bared. Characters were brought forth to live awhile, to accomplish their allotted tasks, then

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[BACKSTAGE Continued from Page Seven]

to return to that half-world where characters in a play dwell. Yes, there is something of mystery backstage.

Not, as you might suppose, when the piece is in action; not when the actors are experiencing the transition from themselves to the characters they have assumed; not while a waiting audience by its mere presence spurs us on to the full assumption of another identity for their enjoyment. There is no mystery there then.

I have frequently been asked to tell what phase of the theater has impressed me most. That is a very difficult question to answer, for, to me, all that makes the theater is impressive. But I shall always thrill a little to the empty stage at night and the feeling that the people of the play have lingered there in the shadows just beyond grasp, just beyond call.

I know these people of the play. But a short hour before I called them by name, was one of them, thinking their thoughts, living a life with them. They have not entirely left the theater but are waiting to be called forth again at the next performance.

The stage is a hard taskmaster; its rules are adamant and it is jealous of its people, but it is all of life to me. I have heard much twaddle of "pitfalls." There are neither pitfalls nor snares nor traps. The actress who would be a success must expend energy frugally, saving, always saving, to meet the exigencies of her calling. The hours are as inflexible as prison bars and woe to the aspirant to stage fame who disregards them!

Albert Davis

Mrs. John Drew, Miss Barrymore's grandmother.

GIRLS of refinement who desire a stage career need lose nothing in their theatrical contacts. Indeed, if the qualities of refinement and intelligence be genuine, they will find that the stage adds to them and, in the end, leads to new finenesses they would not have attained in the ordinary course of present-day society.

If you are seeking pitfalls society offers them in abundance. You will be disappointed if you seek them in the theater.

From the beginning the novice is schooled in obedience to direction; but it must be intelligent obedience, not an unreasoning acquiescence to command. She must be sufficiently alert to step beyond herself, become another entity and speak and conduct herself as would that other. She must guard carefully her facial beauty, her figure. And when did riotous living ever contribute to beauty? No, as we are living today the girl of refinement can turn to the stage as a safeguard against the pitfalls lurking without the theater doors.

Oh, I have seen the newspaper stories appearing under great black scareheads emblazoned on the first page: "Stage Celebrity Does This," or "Stage Star Does That." But consider. In how many instances has the "stage celebrity" actually stood in a high place in the theater? How many of the "stage stars" have been stage stars in the accepted sense of the term? True, they have been of the theater, but the fair minded will admit that in the majority of instances they have become "celebrities" or "stars" solely for the purpose of the story.

We of the theater are thrust prominently forth; a little too prominently for our own happiness sometimes, and what passes unnoticed in the lives of those who stand beyond the spotlight becomes a glaring fault, a grievous error when associated with an actor or actress of even ordinary prominence.

Very frequently we pay more fully, more deeply than you know for the transitory fame we gain. And that is all a little unfair, I think. A very great actor or an exceptionally talented actress gives you over a period of years fine, splendid things. Creates for you people who live and do mighty things before your eyes. Not mere wooden characters who mouth words, but reconstructed figures of an older day, imagined personifications who live a fragment of their lives for your enjoyment and your enlightenment. Then, through some twist of circumstance, that great actor or that talented actress becomes the victim of those shrieking headlines.

Attempts are made to wash away the record of those years of accomplishment in a deluge of insinuation and innuendo, if nothing more. Preposterous imaginings are set forth as facts and the most absurd conclusions are drawn. But nothing matters that is not true and it has been my experience that the intelligent public feels precisely that way about it. The loyal ones, and they are a vast legion, refuse to forget the achievements built upon toil and heartache and sacrifice.

And there are heartache and sacrifice in abundance. But these are necessary things; in their way fine things. They steel one, help one to a deeper understanding, and any experience that helps us to a better understanding of ourselves or others is worth while. Heartache—to see the thing you want most taken from you as you put forth eager hands to grasp it—that will hurt as a wet lash on a bare back must hurt; but it will steel your soul. And sacrifice—to give and give and give, wondering if ever the time will come when something will be given in return—that, too, is very much worth while.

Albert Davis

Mrs. Georgie Drew-Barrymore, with her children, Ethel, Lionel, and John.

SUCCESS in the theater is built on sacrifice. Not long ago I was asked what a young girl contemplating a theatrical career should bring to the theater. First, diction—the ability to speak properly. So few American girls have it. A well modulated, clear speaking voice properly trained is a rarity among novices to the stage. The proper stage voice is, of course, the result of long training and that training cannot be commenced too young.

She should be willing—willing to accept the long hours, the repetition of rehearsals and the inconveniences not only without grumbling but with enthusiasm, for the stage demands enthusiastic acceptance.

She will be asked to make sacrifices, but these will be returned to her tenfold as she progresses. Her sacrifices of today pave the way for her successes of tomorrow; and if she can begin her career with a thorough understanding of this she has come richly endowed.

I think she should come directly to the theater. I do not believe in dramatic schools and I have watched the work of many graduates. Actors and actresses who are outstanding figures in the theatrical life of America today perfected their artistry in the theater itself. They began there, studied under the older masters, and are confident of the worth of their knowledge.

The surest way to success for the novice is to become associated early with some recognized artist. Unquestionably it will be difficult to obtain the first part; but, at the risk of seeming trite, I must say that difficulties accompany the quest of any goal worthy of attainment. Once she has obtained her start she will find many to help her. The stage jealousy you have read about is no more than self-respecting rivalry such as exists in your own business. Without it people become colorless, characterless, and the work they do, no matter what it is, suffers.

Stage jealousy, like stage pitfalls for the unwary, has been greatly exaggerated. The girl who enters the theater convinced she must pay some tremendous price for whatever success may be hers defeats her own ends. In all probability she will pay a price but it will be one of her own naming.

No girl need sacrifice one iota of self-respect or fineness because of her theatrical ambitions. No doubt some girls have, but if there has been bargaining it has been of their own doing. The pitfalls of the stage are as big a myth as the dragons of the deep, and those who take the one

Albert Davis

The elder John Drew, grandfather of Ethel Barrymore.

seriously would, I think, place entire credence in the other.

The newcomer to the stage, if she would be true to herself and the profession she has adopted, will find herself so busy, so occupied with her new duties and the studies they necessitate that she will not only be untroubled by any imaginary pitfalls of the stage but will avoid some very real ones which await her outside the theater.

She will have time for little other than the duties of her profession, duties which, if performed conscientiously, will find her in years to come a finished actress, a little finer, a bit sweeter, and with greater charm of womanhood than she possessed when she accepted her first part.

But perhaps it is a little unfair for me to attempt to dictate what the theatrical novice's equipment shall be, for I was born to the theater with six generations of successful actors and actresses behind me. My father, Maurice Barrymore, was one of the most popular leading men of his day, and my mother. Georgie Drew-Barrymore, a sister of John Drew, made theatrical history.

My grandfather and grandmother were both players, my grandmother, Louisa Lane, a very great one. Thomas Frederick Lane, my great-grandfather, and his wife, Eliza Kinloch, were actors, as were their parents. The theater was never a strange institution to us. We were familiar with it from birth.

WE lived in terms of theatrical dialogue. Even grandmother's house at No. 140 North Twelfth Street, Philadelphia, was known to us as the Tomb of the Capulets. I can recall now how very large it seemed, with tremendous cavelike rooms and cavernous halls filled with most terrifying echoes. It always frightened me a little because I felt so tiny.

Of my memory treasures of those days the greatest, I think, is my recollection of Madame Modjeska, to me a veritable fairy queen. I loved her for herself, but her devotion to my mother tinged that affection with reverence. It was she who so convinced my mother that we all joined the Catholic Church. Madame Modjeska herself served as Lionel's godmother and her husband, Count Bozenta Chlapowski, sponsored me.

To the Drews and my father, devout Episcopalians, this conversion was an amusing shock. But mother was most sincere and rigorously lived up to all of the demands of the Church. And that observance brought about one of the most picturesque "scenes" between my mother and father I ever witnessed.

One Sunday morning as mother was about to leave the house for early mass, she met my father just coming in. His opera cape was thrown jauntily back and his silk hat was slightly atilt. There was a rakish angle to the straight stick thrust beneath one arm. He greeted mother with a quizzical smile, a large gesture, and passed on, calling over his shoulder, "Go to mass, my dear."

Mother's smile was as quizzical, her gesture as copious as she replied, "Go to hell, my dear," and they went their separate ways. She was the gayest and most interesting person I ever have known. She was always radiant, always happy, with an amazing reserve of good spirits. She was ever witty—indeed, it was impossible for her to be otherwise—and her banter flashed like sun on bright steel. This vast good humor was a characteristic of the Drews.

In the midst of her active career on the stage my mother cared for her children without a thought that the much mooted question of career and motherhood might apply to her.

When anyone asks me if a married woman can have a career I can only recite the history of my family. My grandmother had four children and a career and my mother had three children and a career. I have three children. Mrs. John Drew, mother of my uncle, had a theater in Philadelphia which she managed for fifty years. In addition to her domestic duties she succeeded in presenting the foremost actors of the time—Booth, Macready, McCullough—in that city. She went on the stage when she was three and was still active at seventy-eight, when she died.

Nor were we "trained" for the stage. It was about us, with us, part of us, so that unconsciously we absorbed it. As a matter of fact I was so bashful as a youngster that I suffered much in the classroom. Whenever I was called upon to recite I blushed. If I had to leave my seat and go to the blackboard it was like a "first night" to me. I had my full share of torture in this respect.

The ease with which other children glibly rattled off Shakespeare was a constant source of wonderment to me. The confidence of the amateur was not mine. I was always painfully self-conscious. Up to the time I went on the stage I showed no whit of aptitude for acting.

As for the claims of heredity no one could have told then what I might be. I remember that as children we used to act plays—but all children do that. And in my case it did not go deeper than mere play.

If the real truth were known it was confidently expected that I would accomplish great things with my music. Most of my schooldays were centered on the piano. I was given

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

White Studio

Miss Barrymore as Portia—1926.

[BACKSTAGE Continued from Page Nine]

a medal when I was nine for playing a Beethoven sonata. In a general way my father knew what his daughter was "taking" at the convent, but how well it was taking did not dawn upon him until he came upon me playing Beethoven. He stood by spellbound. And as I looked up when I was through I could see that he was crying.

But I did very little with my music. My whole life has been concerned with the theater, my childhood was spent in it. Why, mother used to have us children in a basket in her dressing-room! We all have been part of the theater and I believe I am prouder of having fulfilled the traditions of my family than I am of anything else in the world. One of the best things in the world, I think, is to live according to the way you plan for yourself when you are young.

Miss Barrymore at seventeen.

I CANNOT say that it is altogether heredity that took me into the theater. I suppose there is something in heredity, but looking back over my own life, it seems to me that it is the recollection of my mother and grandmother, of their work, of their struggles, of the hardships they endured, of their standards of success, that has led me on to effort.

It is my knowledge of what they were striving for that makes me feel that it is right for me to keep up my work on the stage. It is not my home life that has broadened my work, for I myself believe that my work is absolutely outside my home life. I do not believe that motherhood has anything whatever to do with an artist's expression. Expression in any art is a gift which grows with experience, with usage, with contact with other people, with knowledge of life. The more you know of people, of their desires, of their ambitions, their mannerisms, the wider becomes the expression of your art.

Information is the artist's need. The more an actor knows of things, of people, of life, the better artist he is. As soon as he begins to lose interest in the whole of life, he begins to deteriorate as an artist. So many women seem to care nothing for information that I wonder how they spend their days. They sit soggily, heavily, looking out upon the world with uninterested eyes, while before them spreads the great panorama of life. Like the Lady of Shalott they look in the mirror while the cavalcade goes past on the highway.

"To see life steadily and see it whole," you must know all men, all women, in their relations to the big scheme of things, and portray them with a skill that you have learned first from the gift within you, then from your years of work for the sake of that gift. Because I believe this I have always wanted to play roles that come closest to the life of today, to the life that I know; roles that throb with the great problems of the women of today. If we want to use the stage as a mirror to display some dim figure of a dimmer past, that is our business. But I believe that our privilege is the portrayal of the life we can best depict, the life of our own time.

Women have never had such richness of expression, such power of growth as they have today. I believe that any woman artist, on the stage or elsewhere, is shirking her duty if she fails to show in her art that she is in touch with the fuller life of women.

Albert Davis photos.

Before she shone in the theater.

Women are getting away from the faults of their training and coming in touch with the great issues of modernity with an enthusiasm that will react upon their development more intensely than men's ordinary interest in affairs now does. Women are branching out into the new lines of art; women are succeeding better in the old branches. Women are thinking, feeling, growing with a rapidity unparalleled in their history.

They realize the tremendously worth-while things that can be accomplished through this new growth, this ability to give something of value in partnerships. That largely explains my appearance with Mr. Hampden. When it was announced that Mr. Hampden and I were to appear together many of my friends inquired why I purposed such an alliance even with so eminent an actor as Mr. Hampden.

Madame Helena Modjeska, classic tragedienne.

The explanation is simple: I became associated with Mr. Hampden because it offered an opportunity I should not otherwise have of acting several great roles it always has been my desire to portray.

A woman has little chance in Shakespeare unless associated with a commanding actor. Hamlet never was produced for the sake of *Ophelia* alone, nor The Merchant of Venice for *Portia*, nor The Shrew for *Katharina*, nor Much Ado About Nothing for *Beatrice*, nor Macbeth for *Lady Macbeth*, great as all these roles are in their different ways.

As I wanted to play some of these parts and others it was necessary that I become allied with an actor of the needful artistic stature and versatility to portray the men and supermen of classic drama. In Mr. Hampden I found not only such an actor but also a producer and stage director rarely qualified by ideals and training to present the great plays in a manner worthy of themselves and their traditions.

AND I think I can say with sincerity that this is a matter which works both ways. The fine actor needs a competent feminine opposite in Shakespearean drama if the best results are to be obtained. How well the public appreciates combinations of this kind has been shown by the illustrious careers of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry and of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe.

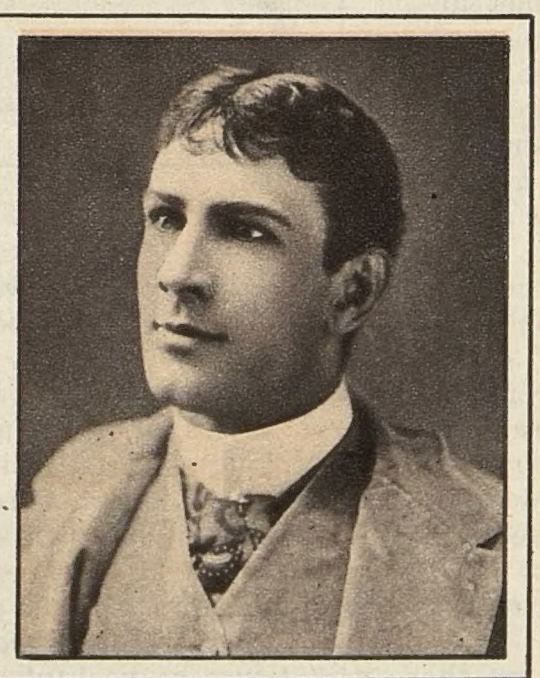
Some have asked why I went outside my own family to form such an association. Why not play *Ophelia* to my brother John's *Hamlet*, or *Desdemona* to Lionel's *Othello?*

Some years ago it was even rumored that we intended doing this—a Hamlet production in which Lionel would be the *King* with John and me; and an Othello with John as *Iago* to Lionel's *Othello* and my *Desdemona.*

Really, the idea is absurd. We never contemplated such a thing. Impassioned scenes of love and jealousy such as this would demand would never be accepted from brother and sister. As greatly as I would like to appear in a cast with my brothers it would be asking too much from intelligent patrons of the theater—and from the actors.

THE END

Our John Drew.



Maurice Barrymore.

Narcisse Selects a Partner

And an Obscure Young Man Wonders Why He Won a Brilliant Star

A Short Story by

Ruth Waterbury *and* Harold Cary

Pictures by RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

"WOULD like to borrow $14,700 on these," said Narcisse, holding out the twinkling string of diamonds.

SUCH a sight had never before met Dicky Trevern's eyes.

It was, in fact, a sight such as meets the eyes of few men. Roosevelt and Jackie Coogan and the Prince of Wales have seen it. Henri, the Marquis de la Falaise de Coudray, lately witnessed it. But Dicky Trevern was not like them. He was simply, very simply, the son of old John Trevern, who sat high up in one of the cliffs of commerce below New York's City Hall and directed things.

Dicky was leaving the Little Church Around the Corner with his bride on his arm. But, instead of being quiet, that little garden in the heart of New York was crowded with shouting young men bearing either pencils or cameras. There were news photographers. There were the star reporters from the leading newspapers. In the second ring stood the star reporters from the stage and fashion magazines.

In a tree overhead a news-reel man ground his camera busily. Outside, beyond the fence, were more crowds.

Dicky had once been an aviator. He had knocked over more than one boche, but he had never dreamed life could furnish such an ordeal. He was a man and therefore strong enough to bear it, but it was enough to make a fragile child like Narcisse faint.

He was so glad he was taking her away from all this, that he could guard her in the future and keep life from getting at her in this awful manner.

"So happy. So happy," Narcisse was murmuring in her husky voice.

What a thoroughbred! She tagged along the path he was making through that curious, active crowd and smiled as though she liked the splashing shower of rice, confetti, and rose leaves which strange girls were casting on her gray frock and down her lovely white back. "So happy."

Simple, childlike Narcisse turned her profile to the cameras and her eyes to the reporters. "Can't say anything more, please. You're all darlings. Love you all. I love the whole world today. So awfully happy. Please write nice stories about me."

Just like that, she was; perfectly wonderful.

Since his last year in college, for five whole years, he had been reading about her. Never had there been a musical-comedy star with such publicity—the story of how she and Sharon Lazare met and wed; of how he had taught her that inimitable way of "putting a song over" so the audience always left whistling, humming, singing; of her clothes and her jewels, her likes and her dislikes.

With an inward shiver that in the heat was almost welcome, Dicky remembered he had read of some thoroughly unconventional situations, too. The papers had found out about them and played them up. But now, knowing her, he realized it was all her childlike ingenuousness.

He had never heard of Jimmie Katz, her press agent, who earned ten thousand dollars a year.

That unbelievable naivete was operating even now. "Kiss me," whispered Narcisse in her throaty little murmur. "Love you awfully." Her eyes were open wide, looking up into his. Her lips were parted and the sweet fragrance of her breath was against his cheek.

In all humility, in that instant before he entered into paradise, Dicky thought: "How on earth did I ever manage to win this glorious creature?" It couldn't be money! Ob-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NARCISSE SELECTS A PARTNER
Continued from Page Eleven]

viously she must have almost as much as he. "Why did she pick me of all men to be her second husband?"

But it had not occurred to him that when that photograph of their kiss appeared in the papers and magazines along Fifth Avenue and Broadway, in London, Paris, Palm Beach, and Austin, Texas, people with wise, tired eyes asked the same thing—even went a little further than he and wondered what could be behind it.

Why had Narcisse Lazare, the girl who had won a million by the very artificiality of her appeal over the footlights, wanted this obscure young man when the world was at her feet?

The car drew up before Narcisse's house in Madison Avenue.

"Family in window, Dicky dear. See? Tooky and Tweetie."

Tooky had been born Sarah McGovern, and no one had ever dreamed of calling her less than Sarah until, in that same season when Dicky Trevern was getting out of college, she had come to answer an advertisement for a secretary to Narcisse and Sharon Lazare.

SHE had come with all her proper credentials in the bag that she didn't call a reticule but might just as well have. Narcisse had never bothered to look at them. Instead she looked straight at Sarah and made the silliest remark Sarah had, up to that time, ever heard.

"Favorite dog's name is Tweetie," Narcisse said. "Must get something that fits. You'll be walking him every once in a while. Call you Tooky. That's it. Tooky and Tweetie. Cunning?

"Come early tomorrow morning," continued Narcisse. "Want you to get to know all the process servers. Come about noon." And then she was gone in a single flash of her little silver heels.

So it happened that Tooky McGovern became the harassed, caressed, abused secretary of Mrs. Sharon Lazare. She became irrevocably and inevitably Tooky, not only to Narcisse but to everybody that came to the house.

She walked Tweetie, an infinitesimal griffon who wiggled shamelessly. She met the whole tribe of process servers and learned to lie to them. She tried to fight the servants into economy, the bills into respectability, and Narcisse into orthodoxy; and in all of it she dismally failed.

That irrational household resisted the determined efforts of her trained mind just as successfully as Narcisse Lazare resisted every edict of civilized manners. Out of it all there emerged her fifty dollars each Saturday—and that only because no one else had anything to do with it. The household obeyed none of the rules on which she had been brought up. Money flowed out of it like water out of a leaking tap, yet it did not become insolvent. Narcisse was not, even with all her charity and charm, what Tooky knew a lady should be. Yet she was sought after and rich.

Never did Tooky really adjust herself to Narcisse and her ways. Every week of the five years brought its jolts, none perhaps so severe as those of the period that just preceded the astounding marriage of Narcisse and Dicky Trevern at the Little Church Around the Corner.

It was the Wednesday before the Monday wedding. The bank had telephoned that Narcisse Lazare's account was overdrawn $14,674.25 and that something must be done at once. A check for fifteen thousand dollars, drawn to Tarbier, the jeweler, and signed unmistakably with Narcisse's signature, had come to the bank where she had a mere $326.75 balance. The bank was quite sure there was some mistake. But Tooky knew there wasn't. The end had come at last.

The yellow Lancia for which she was watching turned silently into the street. Its very silence was what she expected. Narcisse, coming silently home, the seats, the pockets, and the floor of the car covered with packages, would try to slip in past her secretary to escape a lecture on prodigality. Tooky stood directly in the doorway and confronted her.

"TAKE me away, Dickie Trevern!" she cried to the boy. "Take me away from this man!"

"Wait till you see the whites of my eyes," begged Narcisse huskily. "At Bunker Hill they gave the enemy that chance."

Tooky couldn't quite relinquish her moment yet. "You've been shopping, I see."

"Oh, Tooky!" Narcisse hugged her packages with Tweetie on top and surveyed her secretary. "When I'm absolutely ruined, you go down to Pinkerton's. You'd be invaluable to them with your power of deducing the obvious."

"You are absolutely ruined this minute. Your account is overdrawn almost fifteen thousand dollars."

"Don't get groggy on zeros, Tooky. Must mean one hundred and fifty dollars."

"I am merely repeating what the bank said."

"Teller's tight again."

"It wasn't the teller. It was Mr. Black himself."

"Jeff Black?"

"Yes. It was a check drawn to Tarbier's for a necklace."

Narcisse clutched at her throat, letting her packages fall to the floor.

"Heaven save the babe! Tooky, that's for that string of diamonds—the fine ones in that

long string look like ocean spray when they're wound round and round your throat——"

"Your throat?"

"Yes, mine, of course; had it on last night at dinner. Bought it six months ago, Tooky Gave Tarbier post-dated check ---forgot it. Tooky, are we absolutely broke?"

"Yes,"

"Tooky, get Jeff Black on the wire. I'll take the call in my room if he's at his office now."

She started up the stairs, forgetting her purchases, and then paused.

"Don't you worry," called Narcisse. "Get you nice job at the Grand Funeral Parlors. Big future for you there. You'd be so inspirational to them."

That shot so destroyed Tooky's moral sense she listened in on the downstairs extension.

"I'm awfully sorry, Narcisse," said Jeffery Black. "I'd do anything in the world for you. That's why I've had this check held up today. It's highly irregular, of course, but after all you are an old patron of the bank."

"Aren't there bonds up there, Jeff?"

"I sold them on your order, last January."

"Oh! How about my house?"

"You're carrying two mortgages now. Don't you know?"

"Sharon used to do it. Never learned myself."

"Poor Sharon."

"Yes, poor Sharon. Said once I didn't need him any more than a cat needed a swimming pool, but guess I did."

"Why don't you get an engagement, Narcisse? You're worth thousands to any producer."

The sound Tooky heard then so shocked her she nearly dropped the receiver. It was the sound of a sob traveling over the wire.

"Jeffery, I'll tell you. They don't want me alone. Want Sharon. Thought I was pretty darn good, too. Thought I could get along without him. Had contracts waiting as soon as he got back from the war. Then that accident to his plane, if it was an accident——"

"Good God, Narcisse, you don't think——"

"No, I don't, Jeffery. Don't dare to think about it, ever. Only sometimes when I'm wearing all his medals at once get sort of haunted."

"Listen, child, you mustn't——"

"No, I know it. Don't very often; only when I went to get engagements by myself. Jeffery, I wasn't any good without Sharon. Couldn't sing—wasn't funny."

"I'm so awfully sorry, Narcisse."

"Thought you'd understand. How long can you hold this check?"

"Not after three o'clock today." The banker's voice was very kind and very firm.

There was a long pause before the husky voice, shaking ever so little, scraped along the wire.

"Washout at three, then."

"I'm so sorry, my dear. If there's anything I can do personally——"

"Righto. Be in to see you sometime."

The line disconnected sharply.

It was, Tooky observed, ten minutes before one. There was nothing in that house that money could be raised on. The yellow Lancia had more than once been speeded up to avoid being attached for bills. There was nothing in or about the house that was more than half paid for.

When once the story of the dishonored check was published, judgments would flock around like gulls around a rock. Ten minutes before one—two hours to the end.

TOOKY remembered the jerk in the husky voice, and her conscience, returning to normal, began to smite her. She would go upstairs and console Narcisse, tell her that everything *did* come right in the end, show her the wiser and quieter ways of life.

The thing that stopped her was the entrance of Narcisse herself into the room. She wore an embroidered lingerie frock and a hat of lacy black straw that, Tooky was sure, had just come out of the packages she had lately held. On her breast were the aviation wings of Sharon Lazare's unit, worked out in diamonds and rubies, with his medals attached. At a time like this she could still remain so cool and beautiful!

"Going couple of errands," explained Narcisse. "Hopping taxi. You stay here and pick the bones."

"You could save eighty cents by taking your own car," pronounced Tooky severely.

The shot missed, since Narcisse was already inside a taxi, which at her request was being speeded through the avenue traffic toward that beautiful French town house which was Tarbier's.

M. Tarbier had no show cases in his shop, or anything that might in any manner proclaim his a commercial establishment. The personable young man he keeps sitting idly on a needle-point chair rose and smiled at her entrance.

"Hello, Mr. Anderson," said Narcisse, smiling lazily. "Want to see M. Tarbier, please."

"I know of nothing that would give M. Tarbier more pleasure," answered the clerk, leading her back from the entrance-room to the office of M. Tarbier.

Ten minutes later Narcisse was leaving, walking lightly, a step ahead of M. Tarbier, along the beautiful velvet carpets. M. Tarbier had, in his most courteous manner, given a demonstration of the iron that underlay his Gallic soul. He assured, he reassured Mrs. Lazare, how greatly he appreciated her distinguished patronage. It had been the greatest of privileges to serve her. But in this case he did so much prefer that her post-dated check be met rather than that the diamonds be returned to him.

Tarbier's were artists in jewels, not mere merchants. His jewels were made to follow the mode. One so chic as Mrs. Lazare must be most able to see that jewels purchased even six months back were slightly—ah, ever so slightly — *demode* now. Then, of course,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

She sat very straight in the gold chair, with her slim legs before her and Tweetie on her lap.

[NARCISSE SELECTS A PARTNER
Continued from Page Thirteen]

Tarbier's had, as was obvious, trays full of diamonds. Fifteen thousand dollars, after all, was such a trifling sum.

Narcisse's voice was even more gruff than usual as she asked if the check could be held for a few days and then put through the bank once more. This was Wednesday. Could they wait, say, until Monday?

M. Tarbier would be pleased to do so. He realized what a delicious joke it was, this momentary embarrassment in which Mrs. Lazare found herself. He would send the check back to the bank Monday.

In a shop just across from a bank, and much too discreet to display three brass balls above the entrance, Andrew Tavish does business. Narcisse ignored the main entrance, going around the corner to a small side door that opened into a square room, simply furnished with a roll-top desk, a chair, a gigantic safe.

"Why, Mrs. Lazare," said Andrew Tavish. "You're mighty welcome."

He got up and mopped his forehead, waving meantime to his chair.

"Whatever brings you out on a hot day like this?"

"Would like to borrow $14,700 on these," said Narcisse, holding out the twinkling string of diamonds.

She was the most beautiful sight Andrew had ever seen. He had heard that lilting, throaty voice and knew how commonplace sentences became chuckle-laden passages when she uttered them.

"Fourteen seven, eh? Some money. On this string and what else?"

He had never noticed a woman's eyes fluttering quite like that before. She looked a child. The stories he had heard about her couldn't have been true. Just the typical Broadway lies.

"Only on this." Funny voice she had. Cigarettes probably. "Could I sell it outright? Don't want it back, and do need the money. Tarbier's. Designed just for me."

HE picked up the chain and weighed it lightly in his fat palm.

"That's just the difficulty, Mrs. Lazare. This platinum chain that holds the stones was designed to carry your initials. It was an attractive idea—but one that makes it a little unfortunate from the sales point of view."

She was plainly impressed. "Oh," she breathed huskily.

"Take the stones out of their settings and they are pretty small and not too clear in color," he elucidated. "The three center ones are blue, but the others are yellow. I would gladly lend you two thousand dollars on it or buy it for five thousand dollars, but that's as far as I am able to go. It is much farther than anybody else would go, too."

"Appreciate that." Her voice was but little above a whisper. "Awfully good of you. Paid fifteen thousand dollars for it, though."

"Yes, yes," he said. "I heard you say you got it at Tarbier's. I know how that is. I'm a married man myself. You girls will be stylish. My wife says, 'Tarbier is smart'; but I say he's smart in more ways than one."

"Beginning," admitted Narcisse, "to realize that."

She smiled at him once more, her lovely, cool little smile, and stood up, dropping the diamonds back into the tiny bag that swung from her wrist.

"Been awfully nice," she stated. "Must eat before I decide. Dulls my brain. Makes it stable."

She dashed from his sight.

At one-thirty Neil Courtland had driven his aluminum Minerva before the Madison Avenue side of the Ritz and prayed for good fortune.

At forty he was a millionaire by inheritance and a bachelor through carefully plotted strategy. His vocation was woman and his avocation portrait-painting, for which he had a talent that amounted almost to genius.

Because he never paid any attention to time or dates, he had forgotten it was Wednesday afternoon in midsummer and that all the girls who had gotten along in the world, even to the Ritz stage, were out of town. There was no one, in the Upper East Side sense, there that afternoon.

His lunch had not arrived when Narcisse Lazare appeared in the doorway and miraculously headed straight toward his table. His nose quivered with excitement like a bird dog's.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

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2 cups Carnation Milk diluted with 2 cups water; ½ tsp. salt; ⅓ cup sugar; grated rind of ½ lemon; ⅓ cup rice; ½ cup seedless raisins.

Combine all ingredients except raisins. Turn into buttered baking dish, set in pan of hot water, and bake in 300° F. oven three hours. Stir several times during first hour to keep rice from settling to bottom. After pudding has cooked two hours, stir in raisins. Return to oven and finish baking.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

He had known the girl ever since she and Sharon had first struck the town and been taken up by the society set. He had danced with her at the time she and Sharon had been earning improbable sums at the most expensive night club in the Western Hemisphere.

He sincerely wanted to paint her portrait, for he regarded her as the most decorative young woman he had ever seen, and he had never lost any opportunity to flirt with her. Yet in five years of active pursuit he had made no headway at all.

"Knew you were here," her throaty voice announced. "Recognized that fireless cooker of yours. Want to borrow nickel, please. Must telephone. Nothing you can buy on Madison Avenue and have nickel left."

HE fished in his pockets and brought out a coin flattened on one end.

"This seems to have had an ardent affair with a truck," he said, "but now it reaches its heights of glory."

She took it into her slim little palm, still standing close to him, smiling.

"Aren't you asking me to lunch?"

"Good heavens! Don't tell me you haven't eaten!"

"All right. Won't. But haven't."

"Do sit down here immediately."

She shook her head. "Must phone first, Neil. You come with me. Never can find those funny phone booths."

He stepped a discreet foot or two away from the phone booths to wait for her, but found astonishingly that her voice carried through the glass doorway.

"Jerry," said Narcisse's voice. "Remember once you told me you'd do anything for me. Want you to do it now. Awfully big favor. Tremendous."

Courtland's family was old enough so that he didn't need to have manners. He saw he was unobserved and he frankly listened.

"Got to have fifteen thousand dollars in twenty minutes," explained the husky voice. "Otherwise collapse. Yes, know it's awful sum. But desperate, Jerry. Absolutely stony. Must have the money."

There was a longish pause, during which Courtland felt the skin prickling along his spine.

"Oh, I see," said the voice—and it trembled a little. "Yes, course, it's all right. Don't see why I should be only person to get broke. Yes, do understand. You can't help it and it is terrible favor, anyway. Call you again soon, Jerry."

She came out, her face all bright smiles, her hair curling in damp ringlets on her cheeks.

"Calling about a hat my milliner forgot to send," she explained.

Courtland was elated. Everything was playing into his hand. He was one of the few men who knew that the stories told about her weren't true.

"When are you going to let me do a portrait of you?" he begged.

She was watching the clock, whereon the hands recorded three.

"Immediately," she said, smiling in a way that made his head whirl.

"Tomorrow morning at eleven?" he urged.

"Absolutely."

She reached forward to sniff of the roses on the table, and something tinkled on the floor.

An expression of fear crossed her face and she set a swift toe against the noisy object, but not so quickly but that he had seen it. It was a nickel one edge of which had been battered smooth.

He gave her a long and very wise look.

He decided then and there that this was no time for subtlety.

"Narcisse," he said, low voiced, "I could love you so."

"Ah, could you now?"

"Yes. I could love you as no man has ever loved you before."

"That's very assured and awfully original of you." Her eyes were laughing.

"Don't you dare," he smiled back at her. "True love, Narcisse, is always banal. I am truly in love with you. Wait till I prove it by the portrait I paint."

"Only by a portrait, Neil Courtland?"

"You are beautiful," he said. "You know it. I know it. I'm giving a show this winter at Guilder's and I'd like to make your portrait the central one."

"How long would it take?"

"Oh, till Monday, if we worked steadily. Let me send my car for you tomorrow morning. I'm at the country place, you know. It will take you two hours to drive out. If you get there by noon it will give us four hours of good light to work in."

So it was agreed.

He crowded every inch of his studio with

great bowls of garden flowers. When Narcisse walked in, all in white, with Tweetie tucked under her arm, he was sure he had something worthy of Velasquez.

He had intended only to toy with a little paint and canvas, but she definitely stirred his aesthetic senses. She sat very straight in the gold chair, with her slim legs before her and Tweetie on her lap. There was a clean, boyish quality about her he had never recognized before. He liked the way her voice clipped off her words, and, despite himself, he worked for three whole days.

He motored hurriedly up to town Saturday afternoon after she had left and called upon his jeweler and left, carrying a very small and extremely valuable box in his watch pocket. Then he phoned her and told her not to dare bring Tweetie down Sunday morning.

"I'll bring rings under my eyes instead," she promised.

And there were circles under her eyes that morning. She looked particularly fragile, somehow, in black, very young and sad and appealing.

"Narcisse," he said, sitting at her feet and making no pretense of painting, "I love you. I want to protect you."

"You asking me to marry you, Neil?" Her voice quivered.

She couldn't pull that badger game on him. "Now, don't be young," he smiled, "and don't be gluttonous."

"Oh, Neil. I should expect you to be faithless unto death."

"I have something much more valuable to offer you."

"Prove it." The flush was up in her cheeks once more and her eyes were shining.

He reached into his pocket and brought out a square, unset diamond, like a fragment of crystallized rainbow.

"Here," he said, "is your fifteen thousand dollars," and he dropped it into her hands. She sat perfectly still and stared down at the stone. Together they watched its fire.

"Never seen anything so beautiful," she whispered finally.

Triumph was flooding over him. Looking very directly into her eyes, he motioned as if to kiss her. She wasn't looking at him. She was not staring at the stone. Her eyes went straight through him.

"Oh, Sharon," she cried in the general direction of the open doorway upon the lawn. "Oh, Sharon Lazare, I knew you'd come to me."

NOW, Neil knew well enough that Sharon Lazare was in his grave, but she watched the doorway at back of him with such distended eyes that his blood chilled as he slowly turned his head. And there, in the doorway, he did see Sharon Lazare, standing against the sun.

At least, he thought he did, and his hold relaxed on Narcisse's arms. She sprang up and ran to the man in the doorway. "Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried, throwing her arms about him. The tears coursed down her pale little face. That brought reality back to Neil.

"Don't be silly, Narcisse," he snapped. "That's Dicky Trevern. He lives next door. I don't know why he's wearing his aviator's uniform, but he is not your dead husband—or your living game."

"Take me away, Dicky Trevern!" she cried to the boy, totally ignoring Neil's words. "Take me away from this man!"

She put her arm under the khaki sleeve and dragged him out and across the lawn.

"I couldn't let you drive up to town all alone," Dicky said, his hands resting lightly on the wheel of the yellow Lancia. "Your nerves must be shattered."

"You're so like Sharon," murmured Narcisse, a pathetic little huddle in the seat, as they drove along.

"It's the uniform and my height," he explained gently. "Wish I were really the hero he was."

"Saved my life," Narcisse said. "Not worth much, but I've a sort of personal attachment to it. You are like Sharon. Fine, tall, clean, like him. Eyes understand. Know you'd always understand things. Guess I'd better tell you this whole affair." So she told him all about Neil Courtland, except the parts that were really important.

"You need," he said, with a great deal of sternness, "somebody to take care of you."

"Wish you would," said Narcisse.

"W—what?"

"Well—you're not married." He shook his head vehemently. "I'm proposing to you," Narcisse said.

In utter seriousness he said, "But this is so—so sudden."

"Would love you, Dicky, love you awfully," she whispered.

"Oh, you darling!" said Dicky Trevern. He stopped the car in the deep shade and when they drove on once more they were smiling at each other.

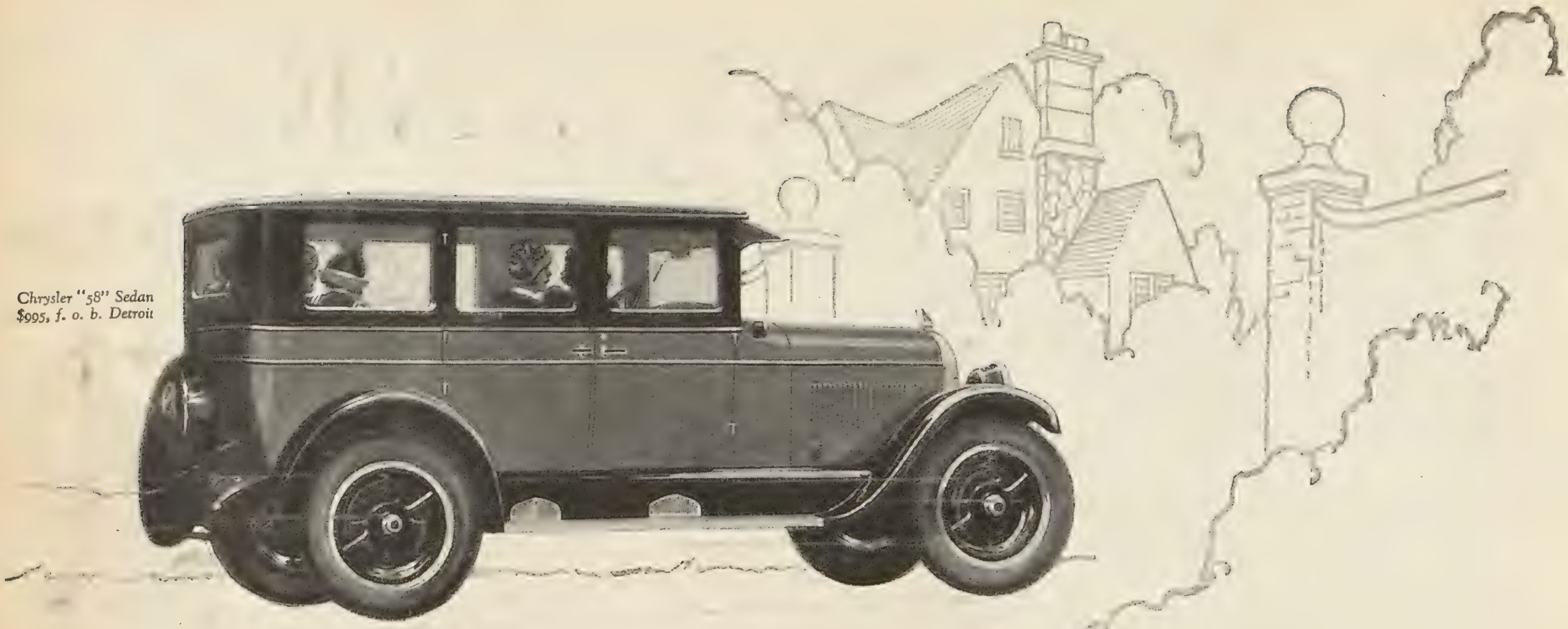
"Tomorrow," he whispered, as Narcisse jumped out of the car before her town house and waved merrily at Tooky, watching mournfully from the window.

She kissed him and turned to go.

"Darling," he cried, "you're hurt! You're limping!"

"Oh, that," said Narcisse. "That will soon be gone. It's only a stone in my shoe."

THE END



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CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster Special, $890; Club Coupe, $895; Coach, $935; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.*

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster, (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional), $2885; Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler "58" enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER
"58"

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

New York's Skyline Will Climb Much Higher

Gigantic Towers and Four-Mile Covered Bridges Soon to Astonish the World

An Article by

RAYMOND M. HOOD

of Howells & Hood, architects of the Chicago Tribune Tower, the American Radiator Building in New York, and other notable structures

A forest of towers, five hundred feet apart; wide avenues with light traffic.

THE strong stone gate that Nature gave our country is too narrow. The name of the gate is New York. In it upward of seven million human beings are struggling for foot-room. These millions live under the gate and through them you millions of the North, South, and West must fight your way to the Atlantic and beyond.

Let the cities of the West, South, and North grow in population beyond imagination. You, in those communities, may spread over plains, prairies, and fields. You may enlarge your areas in two, three, or four directions; but there is nowhere for New York to grow but up. Other cities in America have their plan problems. They yearn to grow in stature, in beauty, in utility, in efficiency. Compared with New York's problem, their troubles are but theoretical.

They have that prime requisite for all rebuilding—space.

Specifically, the gateway to America is Manhattan Island, twenty-two square miles of deep rock, on which more than one-third of New York City's entire population resides. And we deal here with that island.

You may take it for granted that Manhattan Island can't keep this up. You don't need statistics. Try to board a northbound subway train anywhere south of One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, between five and six any evening—and I except Sunday reluctantly. Try boarding a southbound train between five and eight at night. Try them either way between seven and nine in the morning.

Or join the theater crowds between Thirty-eighth and Fiftieth streets. For variety, walk from my office in Fortieth Street near Sixth Avenue to Grand Central Terminal at any hour of the so-called working day—four or five blocks. You'll have to cross Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, which is an adventure not to be taken lightly. You find that you are no more an ordinary strolling pedestrian. You are police-regulated at the corners to let taxis pass, until you are convinced you are but a cog in the wheel that must click into another cog.

Such a stroll will consume at least ten minutes, whereas four should be plenty.

Make any of these tests and you will appreciate how flabby are the words of the statisticians who assure us that whereas two million men and women pour themselves into Manhattan below Fifty-ninth Street every working day, no fewer than nine million will do so—Heaven knows how!—in 1946, provided, of course, the yearly increases are proportionately forthcoming.

Privately I believe that within a reasonable number of years they who dwell upon Man-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The Book of Hosiery 94

TWO numbers of the Phoenix line today outdistance all the rest in public favor.

Two superlatively smart numbers—style leaders for the spring season!

One for men, and one for women!

Number 368 is a woman's full-fashioned stocking, made of the finest Japanese silk, with cleverly reinforced heel and toe, full garter top and run stop. It comes in an alluring array of modish colors, and retails everywhere for $1.85 a pair.

Number 284 is a long-mileage sock for men, made of the sturdiest strands of the finest silk, with the famous "tipt-toe and heel," skillful reinforcements where they are most needed. In all popular colors at 75 cents a pair.

These are just two numbers of America's most complete line—for men, women and children.

PHOENIX

PHOENIX
HOSIERY

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

hattan Island will be limited to the men and women who are occupied as caretakers of buildings that by day will be the homes of commerce.

There will be no residence building on the Island of Manhattan then. Evidence of that much is visible now. Not so slowly as you have been assured, the tide of business is flowing north. Inevitably it will wash the dwelling house off the island.

CITY plans have succeeded city plans in New York since 1810, when the first one was drawn; and none drawn now will be comprehensive enough, far-sighted enough, to take care of the conditions that will obtain, say, in the year 2,000.

It is like a man about to be married, who in building a charming house neglects to bethink himself of the probability of children. The house fits him and his wife. The first youngster appears and they are a trifle cramped. If there is another child he must make additions to his house. He has presently an unsightly collaboration of wings and makeshift additions.

Ultimately he abandons the house and builds himself one that makes comfort possible. He has lost money, years of agreeable surroundings, and, therefore, much of the enjoyment of life.

As for the future of New York—of Manhattan Island—I offer nothing more than an indication of how the problem may be solved. It will be solved because it will have to be.

There are a number of plans. There is the Regional Plan, espoused by the Russell Sage Foundation.

Business houses, the Foundation points out, are crowding residence buildings off the island. As the workers move into the outskirts of Manhattan, business develops in new communities. Inevitably new industries will locate themselves in those communities where their sort of labor abounds, and the workers will desert the old employers who cling to Manhattan for the new ones who offer similar wages and better physical conditions within walking distance of the home of the worker.

Consider what has happened in the past twenty or thirty years to Manhattan Island south of Fourteenth Street:

The tenements of the lower East Side and the houses of the Greenwich Village sectors are still overpopulated, but the number is but an inconsiderable fraction of that of two and three decades back. There are, we learn, a million people living in Manhattan south of Fifty-ninth Street; but there were two million less than fifteen years ago.

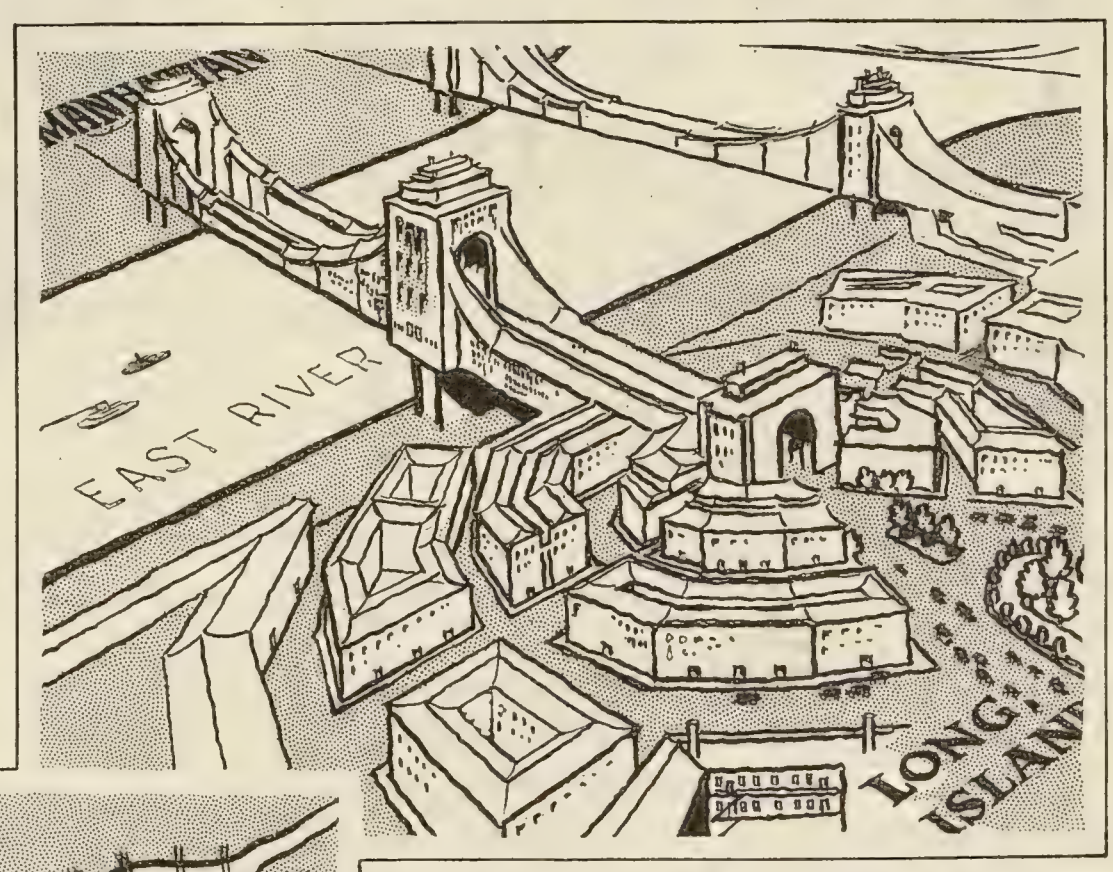
Where do these people go? To the Bronx? Some. To Washington Heights? Some. But the majority of them are getting off the island—into Queens, into Long Island beyond Queens, into Westchester, even into Connecticut. One thing is certain, they are not coming back to Manhattan.

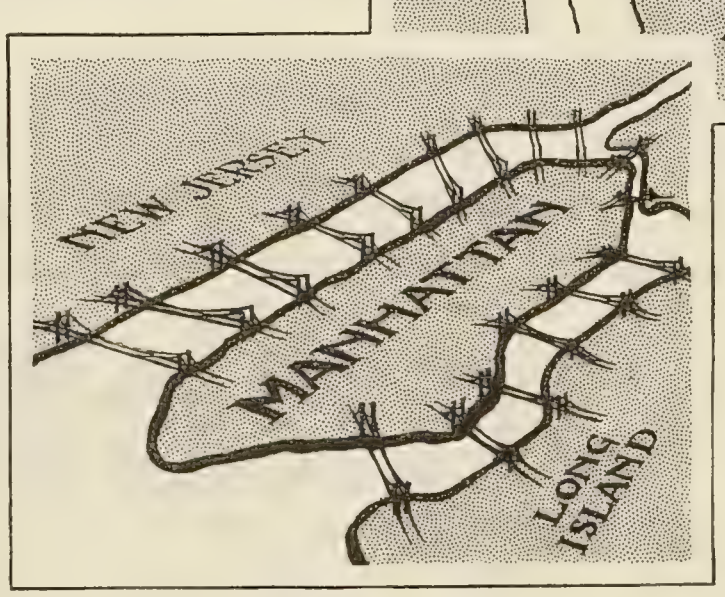
Perhaps those who foresee business following the worker, moving into the suburbs in pursuit, are right. But it is not so easily conceivable that all business will desert Manhattan. After all, one can carry any plan to the extreme of creating conditions as obnoxious as those the plan would remedy.

I have before me a drawing of a building that has not been erected. It may never be erected—yet it suggests a possible solution. It would be a tower a quarter of a mile high, one hundred and fifty feet square, its base on the ground.

One hundred floors of tower as bold as the Washington Monument and as sheer. Its batteries of elevators would be in the center and would run like railway trains, one after another in each shaft, expresses stopping every tenth floor or so.

This building is no mere dream. True, it hasn't been built. The working plans haven't been drawn. But the building is coming whether I am its author, or someone else. Safe? As safe as your present building of twenty and forty and more floors. To be sure, it will sway and bend in obedience to winds and temperature, and the summer's sun. It would be unsafe if it didn't.





The future Manhattan Island, with its bridges to New Jersey and Long Island, will take on the aspect of a huge centipede.

The bridges will be apartment buildings in which only millionaires will live. At the ends of the bridges will be apartments in which will live the near-millionaires and professional men. Outside this zone the laborers and clerks.

Too great a strain upon the foundations? Nonsense. Consider this: The modern office building twenty stories high places less strain upon the stony substructure of Manhattan Island than no building at all. Why? Because your building weighs less than the earth and rock excavated for its foundations.

Very well. Suppose now that Manhattan Island were to be dotted with towers a thousand to fifteen hundred feet tall. A forest of towers, of spires of commerce, five hundred feet apart. Between them broad spaces, parks where workers can find rest, recreation, shade, peace, and where there will be wide avenues with light traffic. There will come with this the special motor vehicle of short wheel base that will be easy to maneuver and inconsequential when it comes to parking.

On the first level below the surface would be our great stores. Bad weather would have no effect upon business. Blizzards that now paralyze the city would be scoffed at.

One level lower and we would have our rapid transit—the subways or tubes. And on this level would be commodious sidewalks for pedestrians and splendid thoroughfares for high-speed motor cars. The ventilating problem would be so easily solved as to make it negligible.

SUPPOSE we consider Manhattan Island as the body of a great tarantula. There it lies compact and throbbing. It is water-bound by the East River, the North River, the bay, and the Harlem River. Yonder lies Long Island, and there New Jersey and, down a bit, Staten Island. Let's give the body the legs of the tarantula. Bridges across the rivers — twenty, forty, a hundred of them. A longer one, and wider, touching Staten Island.

Each bridge connects Manhattan Island with a center of population, towns of houses and apartment buildings, far-flung because the land is wide and the going good. They speak now of a bridge—*one* bridge, forsooth!—ten thousand feet long, connecting Manhattan with New Jersey. Why say ten thousand feet long? Why two hundred feet wide or three hundred?

Why not twenty thousand feet long? Then say to your real-estate operator:

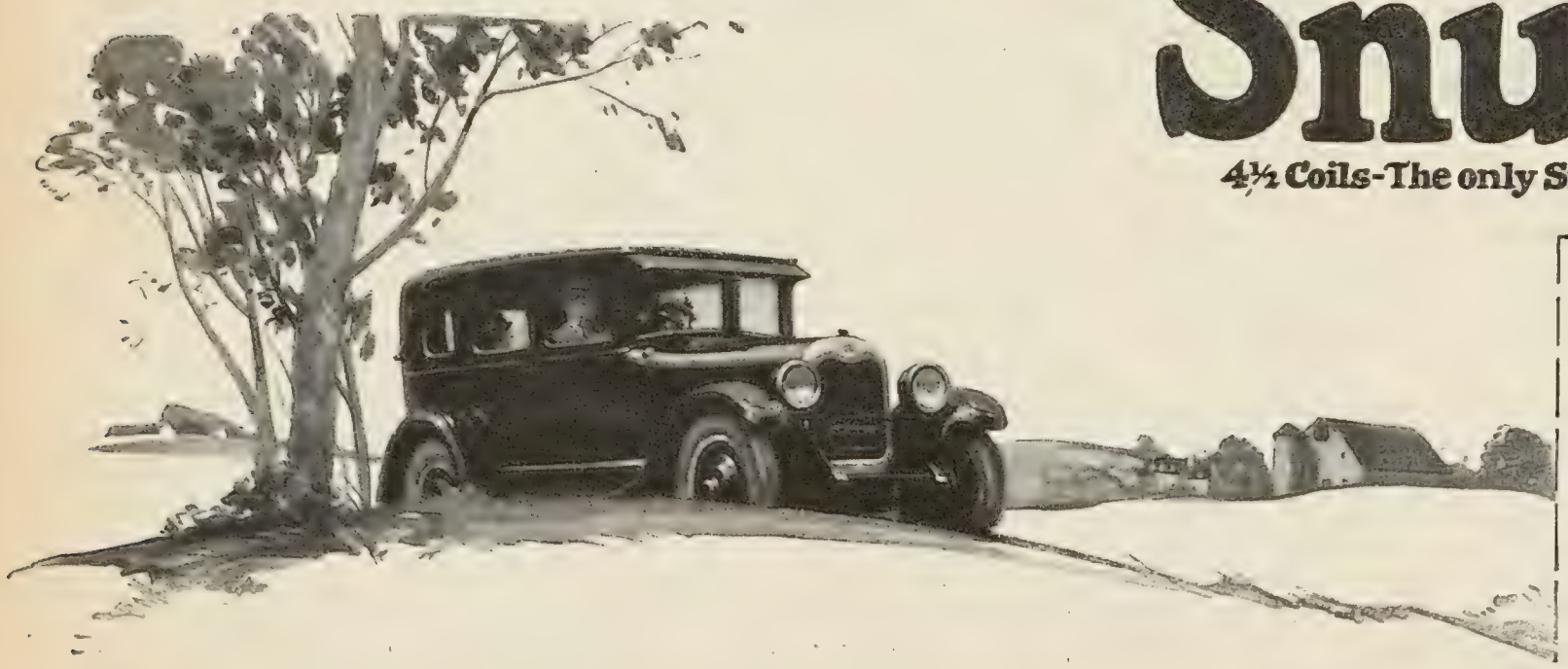
"See here, sell the sides of these bridges as you would land along Fifth Avenue, Park Avenue, Madison Avenue, Riverside Drive. Sell it for splendid residences. Erect your great apartment houses on the sides of these bridges. There is room for a street as wide as Fifth or Park Avenue. And how much better is it to build over water vistas."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

If you are *not* looking for *comfort* as 99% of people are--you surely do want to save expense. It costs you more by far to run a car *without* Gabriel Snubbers, *because* wear and tear and spring breakages *are* greater--upkeep bills higher. You can't afford to lose *money* this way.

41 manufacturers equip their cars with Gabriel Snubbers. 30 drill their car frames *for* Gabriels. Any *of* the 3100 Gabriel Sales *and* Service Stations which sells you a set *of* Gabriels will refund the price if you are *not satisfied* after 30 days' trial

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
Cleveland, Ohio — Toronto, Canada



Gabriel Snubbers

4½ Coils-The only Snubbers in name and principle

The Gabriel Snubber Mfg. Co.
1400 E. 40th Street
Cleveland, Ohio

Send me the information checked

- ☐ Analysis of the Balloon Tire Problem.
- ☐ How to save upkeep expense on your car.
- ☐ What your Ford needs.

My car is_____
Name and year

Write name and address in margin, tear out and mail corner of page.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

And beyond these grand bridges will live the workers in comfortable towns, and a little farther out will lie the factories, and farther out the farms.

At present we are trying to correct fundamental error by makeshift police regulation. We have one-way streets. There is talk of remedying the evils of the theater congestion by staggering the curtain-rise hour—certain plays would begin at eight, others at eight-thirty, others at nine; of permitting no motor vehicles to come south of Fifty-ninth Street after, say, eight o'clock at night. Employers of labor on Manhattan have been asked to consider staggering the closing hour so that the entire millions will not descend upon the rapid transit arteries at five o'clock.

Obviously the solution does not lie in these poor expedients. Traffic still multiplies. The crowds grow in numbers. Space is needed and space we must have.

A few years ago our city administrators became agitated, and righteously, by the question of daylight. The buildings are growing taller. The Woolworth Tower, seven hundred and ninety-two feet high (sixty stories), appeared to the masses as the last word in office-building elevations. Lower Broadway became a cold, sunless canyon.

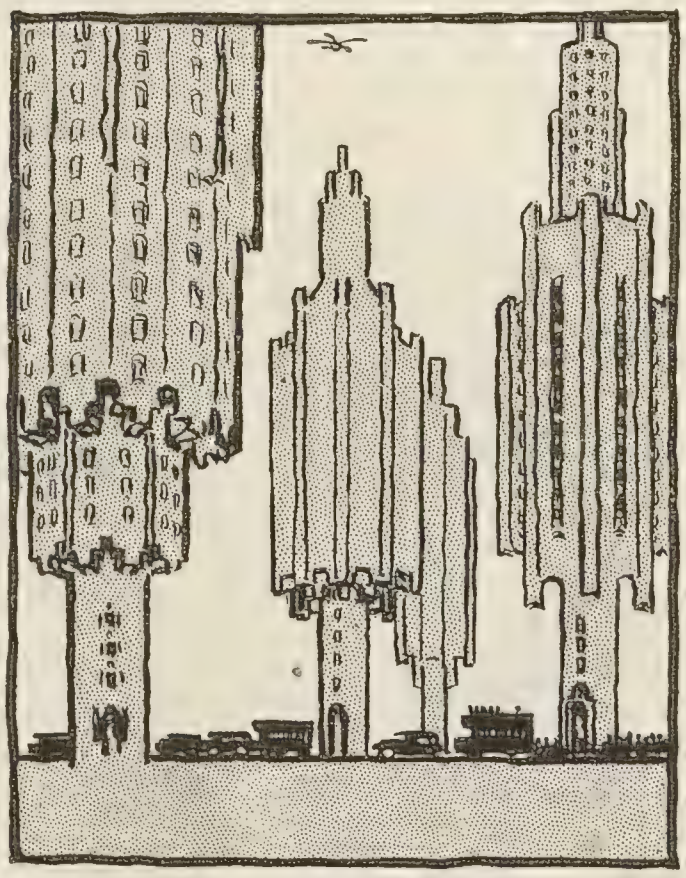
Lexington, Fourth, Park, Fifth, and Sixth avenues threatened to follow into the darkness. So New York legislators adopted building laws which limited the sheer height of the office building. The law varies according to the location of the building affected. One could not build straight upward for more than so many feet without terracing. For example, in Fortieth Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues you could build two hundred feet straight toward the clouds, but thereafter the floors of your building would have to diminish in area, because they would have to be stepped back successively from the street line until you presently came to a cupola, or whatever you wished to call it.

But today those zoning laws which were adopted in the interests of more sunlight are antiquated and close to obsolescence. Only those who work on the upper floors of the new buildings (built along the old ideas) are getting sunlight. And there is a constant demand for more office space.

Every available square foot of Manhattan is surely being occupied, and there are but twenty-two square miles of it. The business of spreading out being impossible, the alternative is upward. The time is not far distant when business will take over the upper reaches of the island, and it follows because of its steady growth that in due time Manhattan will be too small for the business it will be called upon to transact.

We shall be aided by invention, by science. We shall have, as appurtenances to our telephone instruments possibly, recording mirrors on which we shall be able to see the person to whom we speak.

We shall be able to transact business over great distances as personally as we do now over the luncheon table. The telephone was one long step in that direction. We should be silly to think that it will be the last.



Drawn over Mr. Hood's original sketch.

Buildings of the future will look like trees, says Raymond M. Hood, and will be a quarter to a half mile high.

I can see at least four possible criticisms of the plan which would create a city of towers. The first is that in order to create an equal amount of floor space it is more expensive to build a tower than a lower, wider building. The second is that vertical transportation is difficult and expensive. Again, my plan would necessitate the loss of some of the present enormous investment in buildings. The fourth criticism which occurs to me has to do with the obvious difficulty there will be in the transfer to the city by the private owners of that land not covered by the base of the towers.

I HAD better explain this last point. To make possible the wide boulevards and parking spaces which would follow the decrease in the area of the business buildings, if towers are to supplant the current type of broad-base structures, the owners of the land would be required to transfer the salvaged land area to the city. In other words, if you own one hundred and sixty thousand square feet of land and your new tower should occupy only forty thousand square feet, the city should take over, by purchase, condemnation, or other means, one hundred and twenty thousand square feet, which would be made into parks, boulevards, or whatever the scheme called for.

To the first objection my answer is that, whatever the city plan of the future, the city will have to spend billions of dollars. The private owners of land will lose immediate money, but will of necessity profit in the long run.

The second objection may be answered similarly. If vertical transportation is required, we shall have vertical transportation. Once upon a time we all walked up to our offices. The buildings grew in stature and we installed elevators, which were more expensive than stairs.

Going on to the third criticism. The percentage of buildings built fifty years ago and still standing is small. One by one, and block by block, they are disappearing. They represented relatively enormous investments of money. Yet they are gone and they are going. The buildings we erect this year will be at the mercy of the wreckers less than fifty years hence.

And finally the business of transferring privately owned property to the city for the common good, such as wider streets, parks, and so on, cannot possibly be more difficult than it has been in past years.

Some scheme involving long-term payments, grading of taxation, or the like will be necessary and adequate to meet the emergency. All public improvements entail some such financial program.

I do not expand details. Let your own imagination soar. Buildings of the future will look like trees, and will be a quarter to a half mile high. We shall, of course, be using air transportation as we now travel in motor cars. Great landing stages will be provided for the lighter-than-air conveyances and in the city of towers there will be ample room for landing-fields on the ground for airplanes.

Inasmuch as there is no argument but that something will have to be done, this scheme of a city of towers would have the desired effect of giving us sunlight, fresh air, parks, recreation, parking space, and four times (at least four times) the present space for traffic.

The common type of office building is wasteful of space and injurious to health. Twenty-five feet from the windows, and artificial light is necessary. That is because of the type of building. Scientifically it is not necessary. The thing to do is change the type. I, of course, nominate the tower.

THE END

Why this

Saturated Lather

speeds up your razor

. . . why it soothes the skin

It's all perfectly simple: Williams Shaving Cream is made of the mildest and purest materials, so prepared as to work up fast into a rich, bulky, shaving lather. This lather holds an amazing amount of moisture, it's *saturated* with it.

Consequently, when Williams has driven off the water-resisting oil-film on your beard, its abundant moisture soaks right through each bristle, making it so easy to cut that your razor just *glides* through.

This pure white shaving cream not only *lubricates* the skin while you are shaving, but leaves it as flexible and conditioned as after an expert barber's massage.

Send the coupon—or a postcard—today, for a week's trial tube, free. The large size tube is 35c. The double size sells for 50c and contains twice as much.

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a scientific after-shaving preparation. We will send you a generous test bottle free. Write Dep. 114-A.

The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 114-A, Glastonbury, Conn.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial Size has no Hinge-Cap.)

Lib. 4-10

Types of Men That Interest Women

The Feminine Fancy Wanders But Usually Finds Its Way Back to Where It Started

By

Brenda Ueland

Pictures by Floyd Davis

MY friend—a sophisticated author—tells me it is possible a man may love only one woman in his life, but that this occurs about as frequently as a mud turtle wins a horse race at Belmont Park.

"A man," he says, and settles himself to observe the shock that follows his announcement, "may remain physically loyal to one woman throughout his life, but it is extremely improbable that he can remain always mentally and emotionally loyal to that woman."

Well, there is neither shock nor news in that. Women—by this time—know about what to expect from men in the way of constancy of body, mind, or emotions. Women, as a rule, have no illusions on this subject. They aren't being cheated—much.

If my sophisticated friend had said that women were no more constant than men he might have created something of a stir, but he would have spoken nothing more than the truth.

Somewhere the idea started that the fancy of a really nice woman does not wander. This idea still persists, particularly in those male minds that are touchy on the subject of the fidelity of women. But it's all wrong.

There is almost mathematical proof that women are variatists. For every man who has an extra-marital love affair, some woman is having an extra-marital love affair. In short, some woman is behaving in a scandalous manner quite contrary to the formula that "women are different."

And I am glad of it. Not that I approve of inconstancy, but somehow it is much more cheerful to think of women as being rakes or celibates, or whatever it pleases them to be, rather than that the world is made up of men dreaming of harems and of women all yearning for the unwavering, unchanging love of one good, true, splendid man, a love to endure in this life and in the life everlasting.

Now I grant that the more satisfactory a woman's husband is, the less romantically speculative she will be about other men.

There must be many perfect or nearly perfect husbands, for I have seen three or four with my own eyes—husbands who are well off without being decrepit, ardent without being jealous, sociable and entertaining without being effeminate. The wives of such, if they have any appreciation at all, will take no more interest in other men than if all other men were so many maiden aunts.

But, as it happens, there are thousands of women married to husbands who are more or less unsatisfactory. It is the taste of these women that changes from this man to that, perhaps only once in ten years, perhaps once a week. The manifestation of this change will vary all the way from an elopement to a mild feeling of pleasure when a woman sees a man in a passing taxicab, say, who for the moment becomes a new ideal.

In fact, women are probably much more alert and persistent in keeping a weather eye out to appraise personable men than men are in appraising women.

An intelligent girl, capable of unusual candor, once told me the story of her wedding. She was well educated but very poor and from a mediocre family. She married (for love) a rich and aristocratic man and by so doing incurred the haughty disapproval of his relatives. I am safe in saying she married him for love because she overcame painful obstacles to do so and there were two or three other men whom she could have married for money.

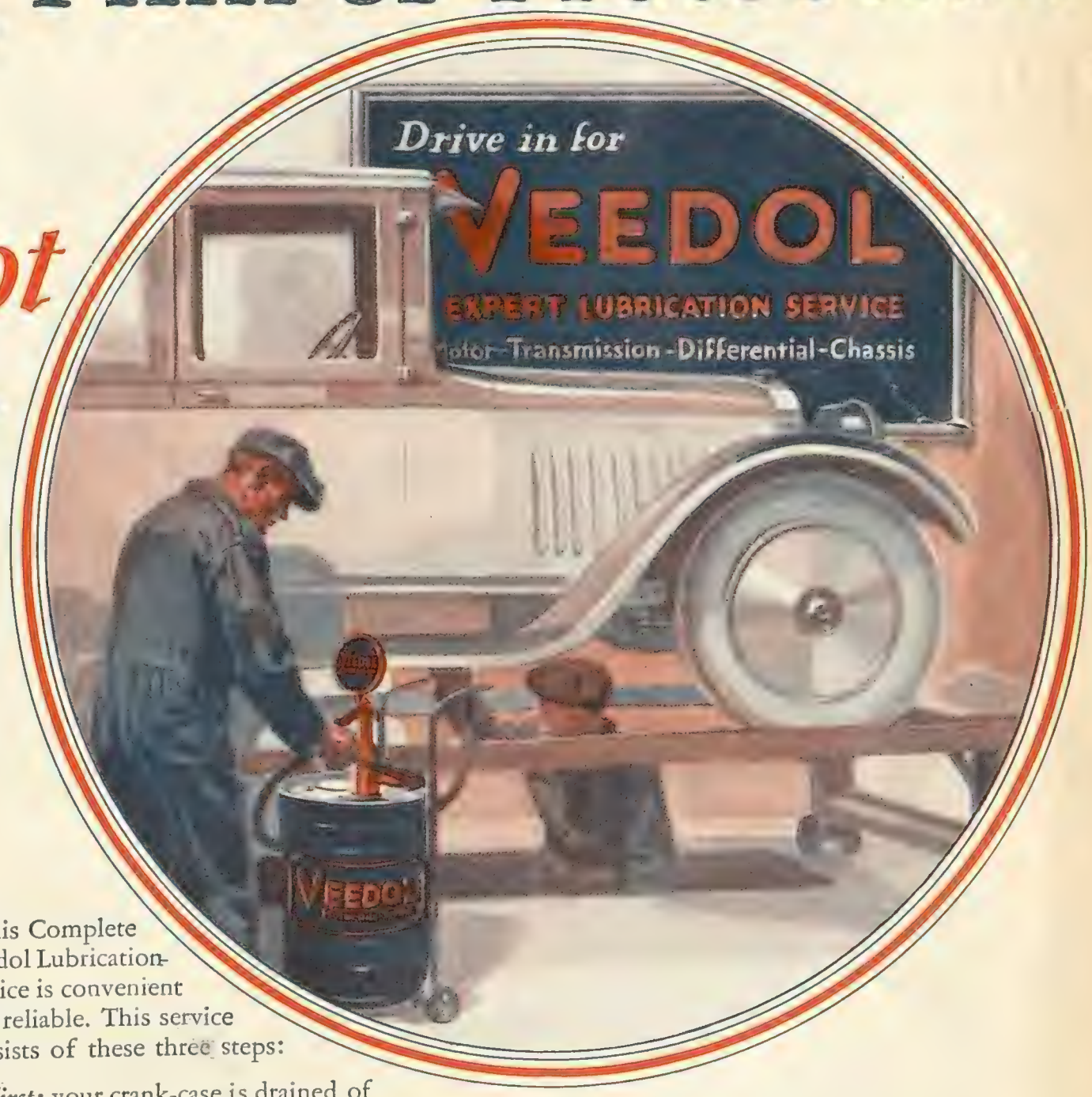
The wedding took place in the dark, commonplace little house of her parents. She told

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

His mother was a tall, fierce-looking woman who knew how to make every word an insult to me. And I found myself stuck on the butler. He was the handsomest man I had ever seen.

A fighting "Film of Protection" for every Friction-Spot in your car

COMPLETE Veedol Lubrication thoroughly conditions your car for long, steady, summer driving. It gives your motor, transmission, differential and chassis maximum protection against destructive heat and friction. A dealer near your home specializes in Complete Veedol Lubrication. Take advantage—now—of the expert service he offers.



This Complete Veedol Lubrication Service is convenient and reliable. This service consists of these three steps:

First: your crank-case is drained of old, worn-out oil and refilled with the correct Veedol motor oil.

Second: your transmission and differential are cleaned out and refilled with Veedol transmission and differential lubricant.

Third: every friction-spot on your chassis is properly lubricated with Veedol chassis lubricant.

Your car can be completely Veedol-lubricated while you wait. In a few minutes, you can drive away knowing that the Veedol "film of protection" is on the job safeguarding every friction-spot in your entire car. That is your safest insurance against trouble and repair bills this spring and summer.

TODAY, cars are masterpieces of engineering skill. Few would ever give trouble, if given proper care. And by far the most important care that a car receives is lubrication. Yet *complete* lubrication has not always been easy to get. Nor has it been of a uniformly high quality.

Far too often, when you ask for complete lubrication you get grab-bag lubrication instead. —A motor oil of one make, an entirely different brand of transmission and differential lubricant, and a chassis grease of still a third make.

These miscellaneous lubricants vary greatly in quality and often vital friction-spots receive inadequate protection. The result is excessive wear, needless breakdowns and expensive repairs.

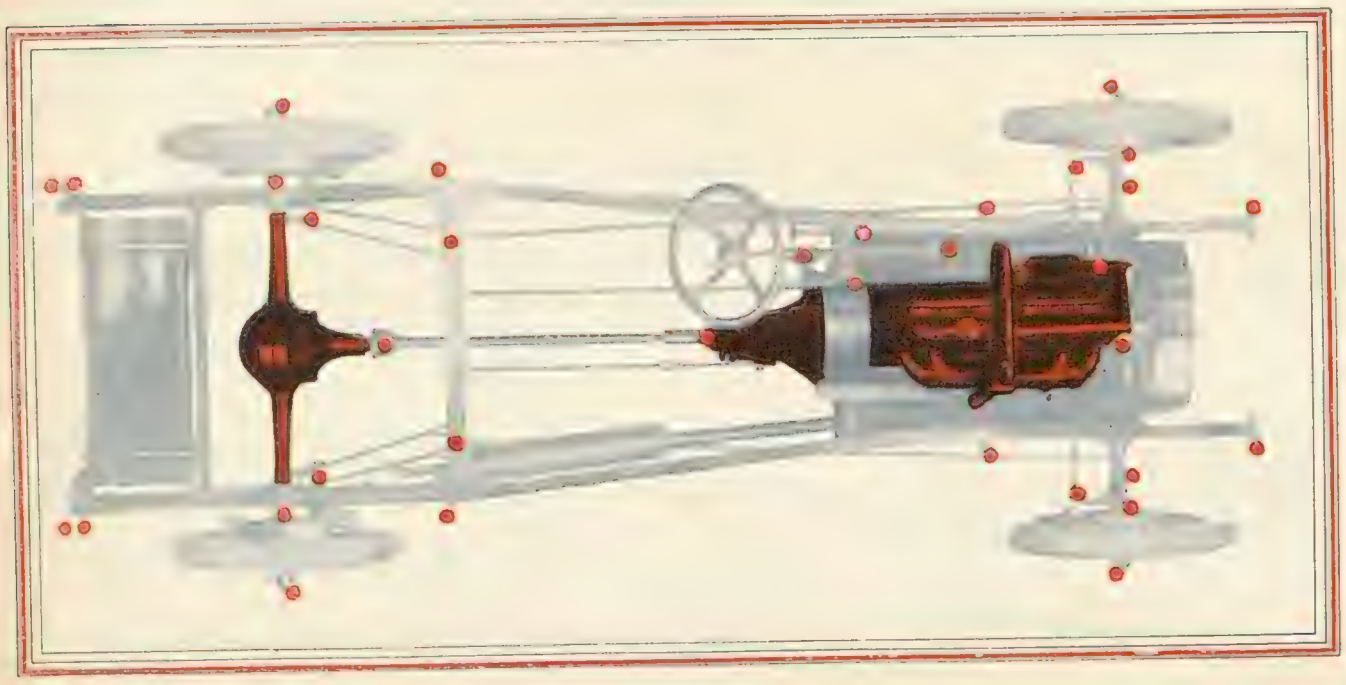
Complete Veedol lubrication

But now car owners are offered Complete Veedol Lubrication Service. Each lubricant is a Veedol lubricant designed specially for its job and each is of uniformly high quality.

Thousands of dealers throughout the country display the orange and black Veedol Complete Lubrication sign. It pays to find the dealer near your home who renders this service. He is an expert in lubrication—a man who knows the worth of Veedol lubricants through personal experience. He will be glad to take entire charge of the lubrication of your car—rendering Complete Veedol Lubrication Service regularly, as specified in your Instruction Book.

This week, which begins the spring season of steady driving, have your car completely Veedol-lubricated. Let the "film of protection" safeguard every vital part of your car.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.



VEEDOL

New complete
LUBRICATION SERVICE

Complete Veedol Lubrication means that every friction spot on your car is correctly lubricated by a Veedol lubricant of the highest quality. With the Veedol "film of protection" guarding each vital part, you will discover a new economy in the operation of your car, a new freedom from repair bills.

This man knows —*that faucets are* Vital Spots

Faucets are an open book to the man who installs them and repairs them. He knows their ailments. He knows their mortality. His experience, covering thousands of faucets good and bad, has definitely shown him that faucets *are* Vital Spots—worthy of more consideration than they ordinarily receive.

Even faucets that outwardly appear as good as Mueller Faucets may fail to receive the approval of such men—for their experience has shown them that the service of a faucet is measured by the quality and workmanship *inside* as well as outside.

It is gratifying to us—and particularly significant to you—that the Mueller factories could never have grown to their present enormous size without the wholehearted endorsement of these men who *know* faucets. Go to the man in your locality who knows faucets—any good *merchant* plumber. You will find that he is glad to install and recommend Mueller Faucets!

As a result of large demand which has reduced manufacturing cost, Muellers are moderately priced. In fact, you will find that the chief difference between good faucets and groaning, spurting faucets is thoughtful selection rather than price!

* * *

If your plumber cannot supply you with Mueller Faucets, he can quickly get them from the nearest of the 300 Mueller Jobbers.

MUELLER CO. *(Established 1857) Factories:* Decatur, Illinois; Port Huron, Michigan
Branches: New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

MUELLER FAUCETS

faucets without a fault

© 1926, Mueller Co.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

how, in spite of herself, she was ashamed of her parents and relatives, most of whom were undistinguished people. The fact that she was so mean as to feel ashamed of her parents disturbed her a great deal.

After the wedding she and her bridegroom motored to the seacoast, where they had a suite in a fashionable hotel. She said: "The grandeur of a hotel didn't frighten me so much. I had been in big hotels before and was fairly conversant with such things. But the next day——"

They drove to the ancestral country place of her husband's family. It was a great estate in Rhode Island. There were miles of driveway. And then, when they came upon the house it was a vast gray stone castle with wings and turrets and parapets.

"When we entered the hall," she said, "why, the ceiling was so high, I couldn't see it. His mother was a tall, fierce-looking woman, who had a nose like an eagle, wore a diamond dog collar, and who knew how to make every word of greeting an insult to me. And on top of that, in the midst of all this confusion of feelings, I found myself stuck on the butler. He was the handsomest man I had ever seen."

WOMEN'S taste in men changes from this man to that with varying frequency and with varying intensity of feeling.

Now, if a man were telling a story to the effect that on his honeymoon he saw a girl who was so beautiful he thought he would swoon, people would believe him quite readily. But from the lips of an honest and sensible-looking girl it sounds very unwomanly. Yet countless women have undoubtedly had much the same experience. But women tell such things only to each other.

Although women's taste in men changes from this man to that with varying frequency and with varying intensity of feeling, I have an idea that throughout life, from girlhood to old ladyhood, the type of man that a woman finds particularly galvanizing remains the same.

That is, if as a little girl your idea of a handsome man is one with freckles, flat ears, and a blunt nose, well, that sort of man will seem attractive to you, in appearance at least, all your life.

ONE woman will always like lean, scholarly men with hatchet faces; another, sturdy, red-haired men with faces like pugilists.

Some will be attracted to pale, thin, elegantly dressed men with sharp features and shiny black hair; others to florid men who have hair the color and stiffness of a doormat.

One woman will always have a weakness for a big, strong, silent man with a pipe. Another will be violently repelled by such a man and, contrariwise, the cockles of her heart will be warmed only by airy, chatty young men who gossip, who play the piano, and say simply killing things. And so on and so on.

Some women will always love only very young and handsome men. As they pass on into their forties, fifties, and sixties, these women will have no taste for men of forty, fifty, and sixty (no matter how well preserved), but only for sleek and blooming Adonises; and such women, if they have forceful personalities and money, marry a succession of young men, discarding them when they begin to fade.

Other women can feel romantic only about men who are several years older than themselves.

I suppose that what is known as "an older man" is the most common romantic ideal of women, otherwise we should not have so many elderly heroes of forty in plays and in novels —men described as having their hair graying at the temples; keen, lean, bronzed men with strong mouths and (this seems to be an important point) whimsical eyes.

Some women throughout their lives will have a tendency to fall in love with weaklings —men whom they can boss or take care of.

Everyone probably has observed that many women, in their successive marriages or love affairs, always seem to make the same mistake. It often happens, for example, that a widow, after a difficult and self-sacrificing life with one invalid husband, will marry another invalid. Or a woman who has been married to a bad man and has divorced him, will marry another bad man. And so it goes.

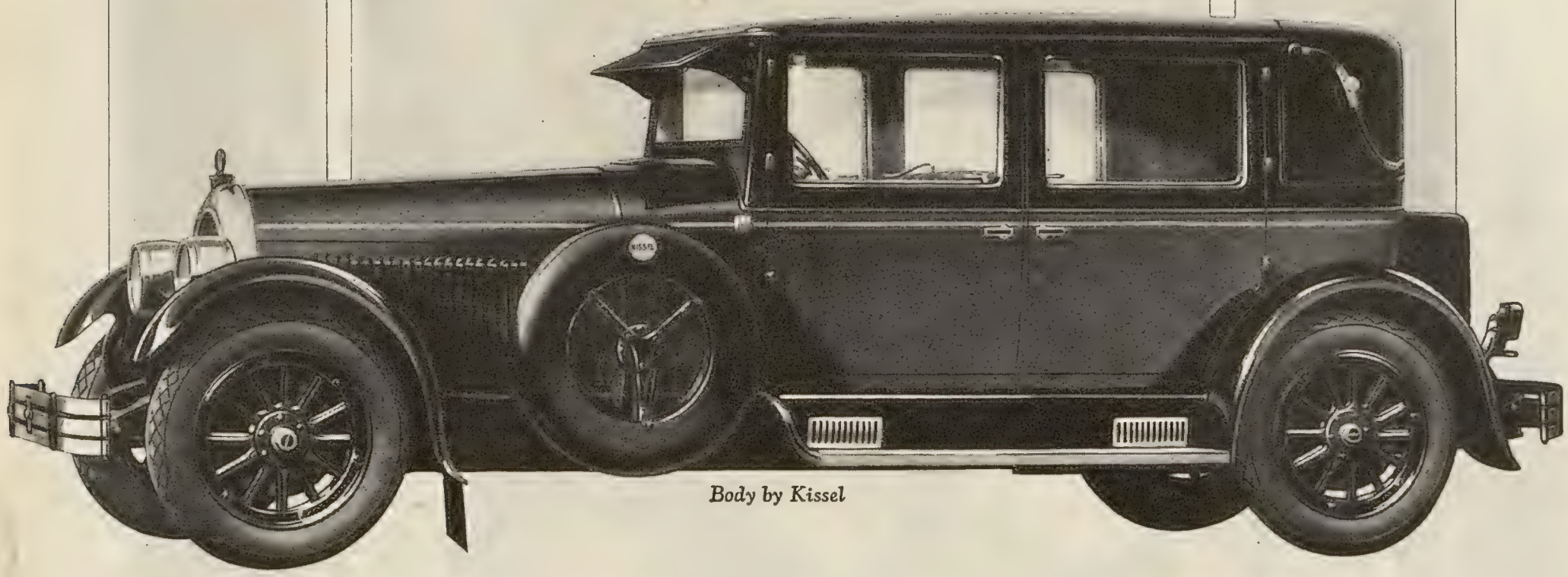
The taste of women may change with more or less rapidity from this man to that man, but the general type of man to whom she is particularly susceptible remains the same.

On second and subsequent occasions the woman will select the same type as her first mistake, but she will think less of him. She knows what men are.

THE END

KISSEL

CUSTOM BUILT



Body by Kissel

Proper Wheelbase Is Everything In Riding Comfort

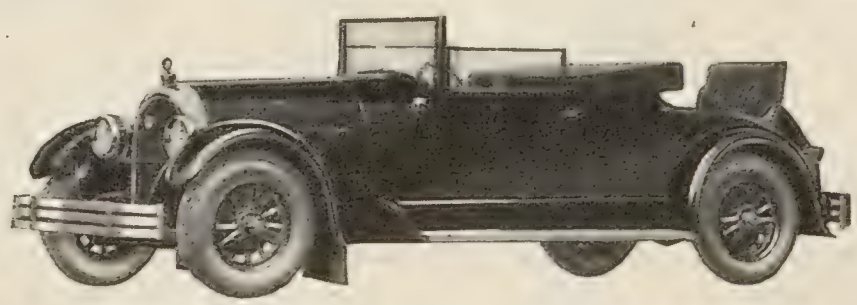
Kissel has built this magnificent Straight Eight DeLuxe Sedan on a 137-inch wheelbase chassis for smoother riding quality.

Your first mile in this great motor car will reveal to you in a delightfully pleasant way just how these added inches of wheelbase have increased traveling ease. Never, we believe, in all your motoring days have you experienced the quiet restfulness, the lazy luxury that this smart Kissel affords. It is a car in which continued ownership enriches and enhances your appreciation—for Kissel design and construction have made it unusually easy to handle. Swung unusually low, it hugs the road at high speeds and around sharp turns. There is power in abundance—silent, mellifluent power under its long graceful hood. There is almost unlimited speed, too—75 miles an hour for hours at a time, if you want it.

Two other Kissel innovations for 1926—[1] the new all-year Coupe Roadster—two cars in one. The Six at $1695, the Straight Eight at $2095, f. o. b. factory, regular equipped. [2] the Six and Eight Brougham with sliding front seats, which permits easy entrance and exit to and from the car.

The All-Year Coupe Roadster as a Closed Car

Two Cars In One



The All-Year Coupe Roadster as an Open Car

(244)

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY, HARTFORD, WISCONSIN

DRINK!

The Startling Confession of a Drunkard With Comments by a Plain Drinker

By A DRUNKARD

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THERE is an old army story: A soldier was being tried for drunkenness. The corporal of his squad swore the man was not drunk. Asked how he knew, he said:

"He was laying there in the street, captain, and I kicked him and he opened his eyes, so I knew he wasn't drunk."

In that sense I am not a drunkard. Most of my business friends would describe me as one who never drank in business hours and was always on time for work in the mornings, though sometimes looking used up. The members of the poker club that I attend once a month know I like plenty on those occasions.

My doctor says my heart, blood pressure, and liver are all fine for my age—fifty years. The doctor is my devil. If he would tell me I was killing myself I might quit.

My wife and son would say—indeed they do say—that I drink too much. I drink wine—red wine—every night, preceded by a shot or two (well, let us be frank, two or three shots) of drug-store whisky. I have no trouble in getting the wine from the Italian section of our town.

So far I haven't shown any very good reason why I should not drink. But there are good reasons. My tongue thickens after dinner every night. The type gets blurry on the page and I don't do good reading. I used to read the best books after dinner—the old ones that have stood the test of time. Now a glance through the evening papers, then the radio and a sipping of wine.

But the best proof I am a drunkard is that I can't quit. At least I have not quit for years. Many a morning when my head aches I resolve to quit for a week, a month, a year, or forever—depending on how badly I feel. I don't keep my resolutions any more. I used to keep them fairly well, up until within the past eight or ten years.

My business is the creating and selling of novelties. Sometimes I have a good year; sometimes I have a bad year. I have never been bankrupt, though I have changed my line two or three times. Never before have I had so much money as I have now. We have two cars in the family.

My son is going through college creditably and comfortably. This has always been my dream. He does not drink and I am glad of it. He once said it was because of my bad example.

I don't know whether I would have been more or less successful in business if I had been a teetotaler. It seems to me as if my imagination, which is a chief necessity in my business, is "pepped up" by drink. On the other hand, Henry Ford sold a novelty successfully without it.

Perhaps we are coming closer to an answer—Henry Ford evidently can do well without it. So could the Rockefellers, Sr. and Jr. But J. P. Morgan, Sr., and Theodore Roosevelt—who could take it or leave it alone—took it.

I either was nervously constituted by birth to crave it or have trained myself into needing it. When I quit for a couple of days (I seldom go longer now) the world seems even blacker; I am crosser at home and in the office, and my stomach goes on strike.

On account of prohibition I do most of my drinking at home. The worst of it is in the hour after my wife goes to bed. I often stagger, or at least wabble, as I climb the stairs and tumble into bed.

There are the darker dangers of drink. With the automobile, it often leads to manslaughter. The moonshine the boys and girls are getting nowadays leads them to wilder actions than the good stuff would have done. But even the good stuff was bad enough.

When I was younger I went on the road a lot. I did certain things that caused my wife to threaten to divorce me. Our son held us together. I doubt very much whether I would have done those things had it not been for

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

BUT the best proof that I am a drunkard is that I can't quit.

A Challenge

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more. LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

DANDRUFF?

Bottle Bacilli, the cause of Dandruff. Illustration Reproduced from Hazen's "Diseases of the Skin." C. V. Mosby, Publisher.

Dandruff, known scientifically as Pityriasis Simplex Capitis, is a disease of the deeper rooted cells of the scalp.

It may spread by infection through personal contact (combs, brushes, etc.). Many people, for instance, and especially children, are free from the disease until infected by actual contact with dandruff bacteria.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure, but easy to check.

Unless properly treated it has a persistent tendency to reappear, and often in more virulent form, with possible loss of hair or even total baldness.

The treatment to check dandruff requires constant cleanliness and the use of a suitable antiseptic solution to combat the disease and to heal the scalp.

Do something about it!

DANDRUFF is a danger signal. If you have it you should do something about it.

Perhaps you never knew it before, but dandruff is a germ disease. It spreads by infection from personal contact, as with the common use of combs and brushes. Children, for instance, are never troubled with dandruff until actually infected by some contact.

Dandruff is a disease difficult to cure but easy to check. It has a tendency to reappear, unless properly treated, and often brings with it the possible loss of hair or actual baldness.

The ideal treatment to combat dandruff conditions is the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic.

We have received hundreds of unsolicited letters from Listerine users, who are most enthusiastic in their claims for what Listerine will do in this way. If you are troubled with dandruff you owe it to yourself to try it.

The use of Listerine for dandruff is not complicated. You simply douse it on your scalp, full strength, and massage thoroughly. The effect is antiseptic, cleansing and healing. And you will be amazed to see how this treatment, followed systematically, combats dandruff.

Moreover, Listerine will not discolor the hair nor will it stain fabrics.

Not only men but women have become devoted users of Listerine for this purpose—women, particularly, since bobbed hair has been in vogue and has made them more conscious of dandruff if it happened to be present.

Try Listerine some evening when your scalp feels tired and itchy. Dandruff is probably causing the trouble. Apply it generously and then massage vigorously. You will find it a stimulating tonic for the scalp, and in addition to combating dandruff, you will find that it adds that luster and softness to the hair that is so important a part of being well-groomed.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

drink, and of course that was in the days of "good booze." Yet the bad stuff is even worse.

A police captain told me one reason for the epidemic of hold-ups is that the sheiks (your boy may be one—thank God mine is not!) have to pay from seven to ten dollars for pints for the entertainment of their shebas and they couldn't earn enough legitimately for their parties.

I don't know what the solution is. For me, an old drinker, there isn't any, I imagine, except to keep on drinking, test my stuff, and never touch it until after 6 P. M.

To the young ones, especially in the cities and towns, I think the present law is doing more harm than good. Yet I am glad the saloon is gone. Maybe something like the Quebec act is best, though of course that can be and is abused. One can get too much whisky in Montreal if one wishes.

The value of that plan would lie, I believe, in its psychological effect. If drink were not forbidden fruit it wouldn't be cute for a young man to carry a flask about with him, nor for a young girl to drink out of it in a parked automobile. And of course the Quebec system would do away with that dangerous class—the bootleggers.

What a joy it would be to feel assured that one was not buying deadly wood alcohol!

Drink, in its essence, is hospitality—good fellowship or good meditation.

By A DRINKER

DRINK—By a Drunkard had me thinking of drink as a disease. Alcohol is a part of life. It decorates as much as it damages. Sex damages life as much as it decorates. Alcohol is one of the few decorations regarding which people contend that abuse should deny the use.

Liquor is not like a drug. It does not disease the will.

I have known scores of drinking men. If I listed and counted them they probably would be by hundreds. The men in my acquaintance who never drank were so rare as to be memorable.

Someone asks: What has been your acquaintance? It has included men of all descriptions in the life of the United States—two Presidents, many governors of States, some clergymen, manufacturers, laborers, men in the skilled trades, competitive tradesmen, merchants, men and women who have won their place in the American arts.

Before prohibition the non-drinker was respected, whether his abstinence was temporary and expedient or permanent and of principle. A man had only to say to drinking companions that he was on the water wagon. They respected that.

Since prohibition, at a national convention, a joker slipped a shot of gin into the late William Jennings Bryan's drinking water.

In the old code that outrage against a man who did not want to drink would have been as unthinkable for most drinkers as would have been the habits of the modern, home-coming graduate in giving a sophomore in the fraternity house a drink out of his flask or out of a bottle from his suitcase.

The only decent bartender I ever knew in the old days was a fine man who drank his modicum of corn whisky every day until Lent. Then he stopped, and without trouble, until Easter morning.

Drink in its essence is hospitality, conviviality, and either good fellowship or good meditation. When it is commercialized it is rotten with deceit and betrayal of the drinking men who come to what they think is a cheerful lintel and a glowing hearth.

This deceit as to the true essence of alcohol in its mission to men was more responsible than anything else for the political reaction in the United States against the utterly indefensible commercial agents of an intimate solace of man.

The rotten distillers and brewers with their more thoroughly rotten dependents in the retail trade and their bribed and corrupted agents of politics in legislation and administration threw the American people into a revolution which they would have been puerile not to begin and which they brought to an idiotic conclusion.

Sic semper demos. No middle way. No restraint on indignation. No regard for the moral status of man. No vision of realities. Don Quixote charging windmills.

But to return. Alcohol is easily given up, much more easily than tobacco. It requires only a conviction of purpose, a real desire to quit. A system accustomed to regular and large dosage of alcohol for ten or more years can make the adjustment to total abstinence in twenty-four hours and not suffer in the transition.

I do not mean that a case of delirium tremens can do this, but delirium is not the rule, even of men who drink constantly. I never knew a case of it and I have known men who began with three drinks of corn liquor before breakfast and had a drink every half hour or oftener until ten at night or midnight.

I knew an old fellow up in the northern woods who had a jug by his bed in case he woke at night needing it; and to save lifting the jug he had a rubber tube in the cork.

SOME of these men passed away suddenly anywhere between forty-five and eighty. Some did not pass so suddenly but passed. That was not so pleasant. I have known heavy drinkers perfectly wretched in their drinking, abased, dejected, and hopeless. It had not occurred to them that they could stop it and be happy. They had the fool idea that the habit was fixed on them. Only a fool unhappy in drink would continue it and not even a fool is obliged to continue it.

I have never taken drugs and I have known few drug-users, but I can imagine and am prepared to concede that their abstention means a terrible struggle. Anything for relief from this agony of battle. But the battle of the bottle is not as that.

Drink is intended for happiness,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

BUT.... *she just doesn't belong!*

Do you remember, in one of the season's most popular books, the fine, brave girl who struggled so pluckily for an education at the University?

She had a really fine mind, was sympathetic and not unbeautiful. Yet men passed her by. Because, as they expressed it, *she just didn't belong.*

Why—with all her fine qualities?—

A few words reveal much. We read that there was always an ugly half-moon of stain showing under her arms, no matter how cold the day.

What a pity! To think that a little lapse like this, could rob her of her chance "to belong"!

Yet nothing was ever truer. The evidence of perspiration moisture and odor is a hopeless social handicap. And all because so many women do not understand that something more than soap and water, more than "home remedies" or simple temporary correctives, is needed.

You can be safe from that repellent clinging odor of perspiration, from those ugly stains that ruin your clothes, *only if you use a really dependable scientific corrective.*

Millions have found it after years of experimenting. They have found that their one absolute safeguard is—Odorono, the Underarm Toilette!

Odorono was formulated by a physician for this very thing. It is an antiseptic liquid, clean and clear and lovely to use as a toilet water. And the wonderful thing is, you need use it *only twice a week!*

It keeps the underarms and that "perspiring area" across the back dry and fresh and odorless. It protects your clothing—without any other precaution.

Get the twice-a-week Odorono habit. Its dependability is such a joy! Get a bottle at any toilet counter—35c, 60c and $1 or sent postpaid.

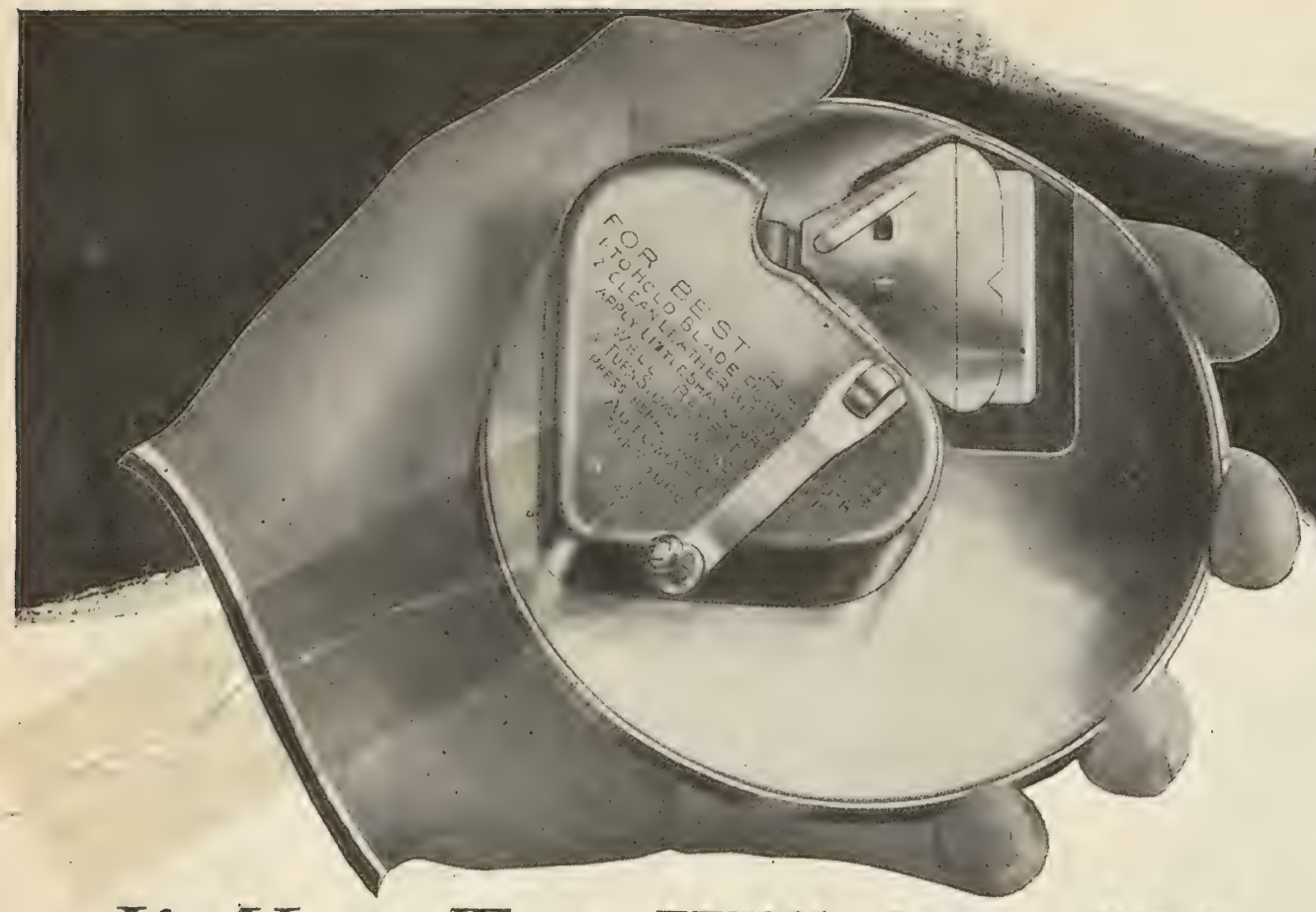
THE ODORONO COMPANY
324 BLAIR AVENUE. CINCINNATI, O.

Ruth Miller
324 BLAIR AVENUE, CINCINNATI, O.
Please send me sample of Odorono and booklet for which I enclose 5c.

Name.....

Address.....

Note: If you would also like to try Creme Odorono, a delightful new creme which corrects odor only, send 5c additional



"I want to say that KRISS-KROSS stropper is the best thing I ever saw. I have been using one blade continuously one y ear and nine months. I have no idea how much longer it will last."
C. S. STEPHENSON,
Oklahoma.

"When I bought the Kriss-Kross stropper I had 11 dull blades ready to throw away. That was 2 years ago and I have bought no blades since. The 11 blades, stropped with Kriss-Kross, have shaved me effectively and pleasantly to date. That means over 730 keen shaves from worn out blades and still using them."
—W. D. CARROLL, Pennsylvania.

If You, Too, Will Use This Amazing Invention

I'll Guarantee To Keep You in Razor Blades for Life!

Surprising New Invention Revolutionizes Shaving! Gives you 365 Cool, Slick Shaves a Year—and You Never Need Buy a New Blade Again! I Give You My Guarantee in Writing! Special Introductory Offer Good 45 Days Only!

KRISS-KROSS marks such a radical advance in new shaving comfort and economy that it deserves to be classed as much more than a stropper. It's a super-stropper—a blade rejuvenator! Almost literally it makes a new blade out of an old one every day—makes hundreds of keen, quick shaves blossom where only one grew before.

Kriss-Kross strops your blade on the diagonal just like a master barber. Pressure decreases automatically. Nickel jig flies up to notify you when your blade is ready with the keenest cutting-edge steel can take!

No wonder that this super-stropper prolongs the life of any make blade, single or double edge, for weeks, months and years! No more bother about remembering to buy new blades! No more "raking" with dull ones! KRISS-KROSS solves your blade problem for all time.

Special! Mystery Razor FREE!

And now for my sensational offer! To introduce Kriss-Kross Super-Stropper I am giving with it free, a new kind of razor—the most astonishing thing ever invented along this line. It is really 3 razors in one. Adjustable to any conceivable shaving position. A flip of the finger makes it straight, T-Shape or diagonal (new way) in a jiffy. Exclusive feature cuts beard resistance 45%. Simply zips through the toughest crop of whiskers. You never have seen anything like it.

This unique razor with five special process blades, completes the outfit with which I guarantee to keep you in razor blades for life!

Use the blades and keep renewing them with KRISS-KROSS super-stropper. If one of them goes back on you I'll recondition or replace them with new ones free. No strings. No red tape. I give my amazing guarantee in writing. It is an ironclad agreement to KEEP YOU IN RAZOR BLADES FOR LIFE!

Get Details at Once!

This astonishing offer is limited. Send for information on amazing KRISS-KROSS inventions today. They are never sold in stores. You deal direct with me or my authorized representative. Send for full details of this generous introductory offer. It's even more remarkable than I can tell you here. No obligation. Just clip and mail the coupon today!

AGENTS: $30 to $66 a Day!

Make real money demonstrating Kriss-Kross and giving away mystery razor FREE. Big, generous commissions. F. Niehaus of Illinois made $66 one day. R. P. Fishel of Texas made $10 in 45 minutes. Others average $30 a day and up. Every man wants to buy on sight. SPARE-TIME workers, OFFICE and FACTORY men make $6-$15 extra a day showing KRISS-KROSS to friends and fellow employes. J. C. Kellogg of Kansas made over $150 in one week while working at his regular job. Wonderful extra-profit plan. $5000 Sales-course Manual free shows you how and makes everything simple as A.B.C. Get details at once. Check bottom of coupon and mail it tonight.

"Just a word of praise for your Kriss-Kross outfit. I have a very heavy beard, caused from working on a furnace at the mills. I am a steady user of a Gillette Razor and always had to lay out 45c every ten days for new blades. Since using your stropper I have had 96 shaves from one blade and it is better than when I got the blade. You could not buy this stropper back from me for $20 if I could not get another."
—D. C. HANNAN, Ohio.

"I have been using the KRISS-KROSS stropper for about a year and could not do without it. I have been using one blade I had discarded long ago and have not bought a single new blade since purchasing your stropper."
—J. M. STARKSBURY, Oklahoma.

Sold only through Authorized Representatives

Rhodes' KRISS KROSS STROPPER

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Inc., 1418 Pendleton Ave., Dept. D-380, St. Louis, Mo.

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Without obligation please send me full details of your special introductory offer to keep me in Razor Blades for Life. Also send me full description of KRISS-KROSS stropper and FREE adjustable razor.

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City.....State.....

( ) Check this space if you are interested in becoming an authorized KRISS-KROSS representative.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

nothing else. If it fails in that its failure is complete. That is for the individual to determine and decide.

I am Horatian. The world is winter and wine is a fire on the hearth. The rain beats at the casements and you look at it through splashed and dripping glass. Man is not a thing sufficient to himself. He never has been. He never will be.

THE materialistic conception of man is humbug. He is no such simple creature. He is not solved by the cure of venereal diseases, by birth control, fundamentalism, censorship of the movies, the League of Nations and the World Court, union labor agreements, or the abolition of slums.

He is still, with every benefit prospected in these promotions, a sad-eyed ox, the victim of organic passions that may please or dismay him and of inorganic periods that dwarf him.

He finds his complete obliteration as a thing of intelligent dignity in the process ordained to him for his continuity. Nothing in drink, that anodyne of his physical being, so disgraces him as the impulses that lead to his procreation.

Abuses, we are told in the case of alcohol, must mean constitutional prohibition against use; and therefore such of us as protest against the formula wonder that the code of the Shakers is not made the law of the land because the lack of sexual temperance results in more psychopathic cases, more slums, more low-grade morons, more degradation of the thing called man, than the lack of alcoholic temperance ever had charged against it.

This is essential because dictation selects one gratification of minor importance in cause and consequence and neglects another of grosser import and graver consequence.

As long as sexual indulgence has the connivance of the state and the blessing of the church even the abuse of alcohol is unimportant. The use of it remains valid unless every abuse in the world is to prevent use.

The man who calls himself a drunkard in Drink—By a Drunkard is neither a drunkard nor a good drinker. In his thick-tongued condition he offers no reason for his state. It is one of minor misery and bad conscience with no compensations. He gets that way out of some perversity without any benefits. As such he should stop drinking. He can do it overnight and be what he wants to be. To be what he does not want to be because of drink is idiotic.

The moment drink becomes anything but a substantial and appreciated pleasure it should be and can be stopped. All other idea is buncombe.

Corn liquor with devilish eyes, Burgundy with its taste of the future and sense of the past, claret with its light social contact, port, the heavy wine of ancient gout, ale with its connotations of changing post horses, the great German beers, a wine with the fish, a wine with the game, a wine with the roast, a wine with the dessert, a wine after the coffee!

A prohibitionist tells us that because these hours on Parnassus have their evil consequence among the low-grade morons in the gutter there shall be no hours on Parnassus. If so, let us prohibit every human pleasure that has bad consequences among the unfit and preserve these unfits by law eternally to the detriment of the fit.

Drink is a dream. It is the escape from the disgrace that all flesh knows to the Elysium that only the spirit knows. It contains in its ruby content the aspirations of spirituality. It is a glimpse into the royal purple with portals of pink-edged clouds. If it is not, quit it.

A quart of Burgundy will take an earthworm and give it the soar of a Valkyrie and drop it gently to bed with a good digestion and a stouter soul. Three glasses of ale will cheer a frozen journey at a halfway house.

NO sensual Turk with women promised him by his religion beyond this life and wine denied him by it here ever knew the detachment from human grossness enjoyed in the hour in which a German drank his Münchener, an old Swede his mead, a Roman his Falernian, or a Frenchman of the Champagne his wine of the country.

Even the old Illinoisian, Ohioan, or Kentuckian, with his juice of the corn drawn beaded and winking into a tin cup from the barrel in the grocery, was each and every one a better man and proved as such than the soft cake-eater of the soda fountain or the foul-breathed fanatic of the modern day—foul-breathed with the undigested meat of his appetite in a lustful stomach.

I speak with bitterness because I regard these lustful devotees of a world of mundane good as wholly sacrilegious in a better world of which they know nothing—sleek ministers to smug passions unenlivened by any sense of escape from the greasy conditions of the flesh.

I think my friend the Drunkard had better stop drinking. It is doing him no good. He is ashamed of himself with his drug-store whisky and his Italian wine. Possibly if he made the wine himself he would have another conception of its generous qualities. One must have a knowledge of the origin of the wine to know the full possibilities of its good conduct.

If we must, here in America, then we must have a rule of the imbeciles, the cake-eaters, the weaklings, the drunkards, and the low-grade morons imposed by law upon people competent to rule themselves.

God help the nation that has to subject the competent to the rule of the incompetent and to tie the fists of the drowning no-good into the hair of the citizen who otherwise could swim.

I HAVE a great dislike for Henry James which is aside from his later absurdities as a writer of English. I cannot reconcile myself to an American who switches his citizenship for such reasons as he had. His brother William was a man.

It happens that Henry James stated the case for alcohol so perfectly, to my motion, that I'll answer my friend Drunkard by quoting it, although I'd rather Henry James' subject had been a bit of tidewater Virginia, of Illinois prairie, of western plain or desert, or California coast.

> You feel England; you feel Italy. The reflection for the moment has an extraordinary poignancy. I had known it from time to time in Italy, and had opened my soul to it as to the spirit of the Lord. Since my arrival in England I had been waiting for it to come. A bottle of excellent Burgundy at dinner had perhaps unlocked to it the gates of sense, it came now with a conquering tread.
>
> Just the scene around me was the England of my visions. Over against us, amid the deep-hued bloom of its ordered gardens, the dark red palace with its formal copings and its vacant windows seemed to tell of a proud and splendid past; the little village nestling between the park and palace, around a patch of turfy common, with its tavern of gentility, its ivy-towered church, its parsonage, retained to my modernized fancy, the lurking semblance of a feudal hamlet.
>
> It was in this dark composite light that I had read all English prose; it was this mild moist air that had blown from the verses of English poets; beneath these broad acres of rain-deepened greenness a thousand honored dead lay buried.

A bottle of excellent Burgundy unlocked it. *Verbum sap*—which means that the sap won't get it.

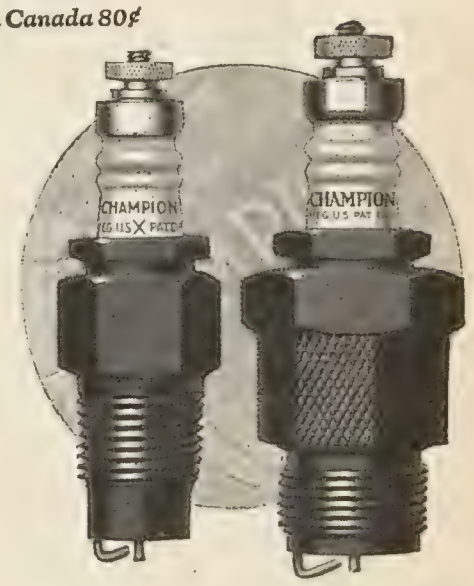
THE END

POWER

If your motor is sluggish and lacks power in rough going, install a complete set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs and note the improvement. Your car will have new power, speed and acceleration. It is because motorists the world over know this that Champions are outselling two to one.

A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in less oil and gas used.

Champion X—
exclusively for Fords—packed in the Red Box
60¢
In Canada 80¢



Champion—
for cars other than Fords—packed in the Blue Box
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CHAMPION
Dependable for Every Engine
Toledo, Ohio

FLOORS FINISHED WITH LIQUID GRANITE ENDURE GENERATIONS OF SERVICE

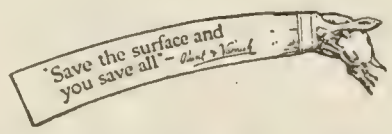
from the Minuet to the Charleston

You can roll up the rugs and dance on floors finished with Liquid Granite, just as your great grandfather did before you.

The exceptional durability of this fine, wear-resisting varnish is the same today as in those forgotten crinoline days when the Virginia reel was replacing the minuet.

Liquid Granite outwears other varnishes because it is made for that purpose. It endures millions of steps. And it costs no more than lesser quality because it is so widely known and universally demanded that it is used in almost every civilized country.

There's a dealer near you who sells Liquid Granite. Your painter knows it wears wherever it is used—on floors, woodwork or doors.



Here's Floor Varnish That Wears!

BERRY BROTHERS INC.

Varnishes Enamels Stains

Detroit, Mich. Walkerville, Ont.

London, 367 Strand, W. C.; Paris, 54 Rue de Paris Charenton; Berlin, Potsdamerstrasse 29: Turin. 10 Via Arcivescovado

Mr. Dooley *on* *The* Power *of the* Press

By Finley Peter Dunne

"'WITH an oath he leaped to her side.'"

Some Sage Advice on Reading Our Modern Newspapers—If You Can Lift Them

Pictures by E. W. KEMBLE

WHEN Mr. Hennessy called on Mr. Dooley he couldn't find his old friend at once. Mr. Dooley had gone down for the third time in a flood of Sunday newspapers. When he was rescued he said: "Have ye r-read th' mornin' pa-aper?"

"I have not," said Mr. Hennessy. "I cudd'nt aven lift it."

"I s'pose not," said Mr. Dooley. "It takes a mighty man to histe wan iv thim off th' durestep without sprainin' his back. I used to say, 'I picked up a pa-aper.' But if Zeebisky, th' rassler, was to say that now, I'd know it was a vain boast.

"I mind th' time whin a little boy carri'd th' palajeems iv our liberties around, twisted thim into a hard knot, an' pegged thim at th' dure.

"It took a good dale iv injinooty to onravel a journal in thim days. But now if ye hear a riot goin' on in th' sthreet on th' Sabbath morn ye know th' Sundah editions has arrived. 'Take holt iv th' lower end, Solly. Have ye got it? Get ye'er shouldher undher th' middle, Ike. Ar-re ye r-ready, Manny? Lower away!'

"Th' carriers ar-re pianny-movers that has had to give up their profissyon because they were too rough with th' baby gran's; an' manny pleasure-seekers that have spint their week days watchin' th' boys jugglin' a safe into an office buildin' now have as much fun on Sundah obsarvin' th' delivery iv th' foorth estate.

"Whin th' weather gets fine Hogan dhrops in here an' we sling a couple iv thim on a pole an' carry thim to th' park, spind a plisant day peroosin' thim, a sthratum at a time, an' come home in th' afthernoon an' wash th' colored supplemints off our han's an' faces. A constant reader iv wan iv these art gall'ries looks like a Spanish omelet all th' time.

"But they're a gr-reat institootion aven if they ar-re hard to get into a small flat an' off th' skin. Ye know they're made iv wood, don't ye? No, I don't mane th' iditoryals on'y. I mane th' whole pa-aper. That mass iv lithrachoor that ye're standin' in hip-high was wanst a grove iv pine threes that lifted its crests to th' sun.

"I wondher if threes believe in a future life? I s'pose if they talked ye cud hear th' oldher wans sayin' to th' saplin's: 'Childher, if ye grow up to be sthrong an' lusty an' lade a clane life, some day ye'll be a gr-reat newspa-aper. But if ye go on th' way ye ar-re now an' don't wash ye'er necks, ye'll be turned into ol' vatted Scotch whisky an' murdher somewan.'

"An' wan little three says to another: 'What ar-re ye goin' to be whin ye gr-row up?' 'I'm goin' to be a spoortin' supplemint,' says Larchie. 'I'm not,' says a third; 'I'm goin' to be a comic sthrip.'

"What wud we do without thim? How cud I get along? In my business I have to know ivrything that's goin' on in th' wurruld, whether it's so or not. An' if I didn't r-read th' Sunday pa-apers how'd I know that Cal Coolidge said nawthin' yisterdah again; that francs ar-re forty cints a dozen an' sparrow-grass fifty; that there'll be an eclipse iv th' sun on May twinty-ninth north iv Madison Sthreet at 9:15 P. M. Greenwich Village time; that there was a fire in a barn in Englewood; that Suzanne won th' first set, three gools to wan; that th' 'arth will collide with Arcturus in thirty-nine billyon years; that an eques-threen statue iv th' Prince iv Wales was onveiled in London; that oats closed weak but pickled sides sthrong; that Knock-out Rocco knocked out Knock-out Brocco in eight rounds; that Pro-fissor Einstein can't do addition; that th' Neanderthal man was iliven feet high, carri'd his young in a pouch, an' played th ukelele; that a sure cure has been discovered

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

Amazing New Saxophone Developed by YORK!

THE NEW TONE-HOLE CONSTRUCTION

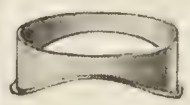


Figure A

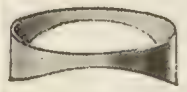


Figure B

Figure C

These two parts form the wonderful York tone-hole. Figure A, the inner section, is slipped through the body of the Saxophone. Notice the flange at the bottom. Figure B, the outer section, slips snugly over Figure A. Figure C shows a cross section view of the tone-hole with the top edge clinched and rounded. Result—marvelous tone. No cutting of pads. No flowing of saliva to rot the pads. No chance for tone-hole to leak or fall off.

This improved tone-hole alone makes the new York Sax supreme.

Remarkable Tests Delight Great Sax Artists!

SCARCELY a noticeable change in shape. And, of course, the key system is standard. But never before has any saxophone produced such *tone—flexibility—volume*.

The musician craftsmen of the House of York have indeed scored a tremendous triumph. And now after two years' continuous trial by some of the greatest saxophone artists in America, after long and expensive experimenting and testing, this wonderful new instrument is made available to every music lover in America.

Absolute Change in Manufacture

A revolutionary result could only be possible through an absolute change in the manufacture of the instrument. This is exactly the case. This new change consists of an absolutely new departure in the construction of the tone hole—the all-important factor in the building of saxophones.

Only by actual trial can you measure the magnitude of this achievement. Only by actual playing can you gauge the true importance of its results. But think! *You'll* never hear those screechy tones in the upper registers of this marvelous new family of saxophones (Soprano—Alto—Tenor—C Melody). You'll not produce warbly tones in the lower register. Only full, round tones of wonderful richness and beauty. Unusual volume without the excessive blowing effort required by other saxophones. The perfect saxophone!

Famous Old Concern

For half a century York has made fine band instruments. All York Instruments are famed for quality, and enjoy a supremacy awarded by artists. The amazing improvements in this new saxophone are declared York's greatest contribution to the musical world. York master craftsmen know why.

FREE Book

The discovery by one of York's experts of a new way to produce tone holes paved the way for this marvelous instrument. It produced a perfection of tone you may not believe possible until you hear for yourself. Every player of the saxophone, every other musician, every person who hopes to play a sax will be interested in the story of this new instrument. And the coupon will bring you York's beautifully illustrated book absolutely free. Fill in coupon and mail it today. No obligation. You will find it distinctly worth while.

Dealers: Here is an instrument that sells when it is placed in the hands of a musician. One test is enough to convince any musician that here is the last word in Saxophones. York dealers are making smashing records with this amazing new family of saxophones. Dealers interested in the progress of musical instrument making should write immediately. No obligation. York has a wonderful sales plan on this new Sax and other York leaders.

The HOUSE OF YORK

FOUNDED IN 1882 BY J. W. YORK

YORK BAND INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Dept. 2226-D, *Grand Rapids, Mich., U. S. A.*

YORK BAND INSTRUMENT CO.
Dept. 2226-D Grand Rapids Mich.
Check Literature Desired

☐ Please send me immediately your new literature describing the amazing new saxophone developed by the House of York. It is understood this places me under no obligation.

☐ Please send me literature describing York.....
(mention instrument)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-FIVE]

ivry day f'r ivry fatal disease, but it don't wurruk; that Gin'ral Wang has defeated Gin'ral Wong on th' banks iv th' Yangsekiang; an' that to remove freckles apply a paste iv smokeless powdher an' karosene to th' face an' touch it off with a match?

"No wan is idjacated who doesn't r-read th' pa-apers through. Wan iv th' gr-reatest things in this wurruld is th' pro-gress iv journalism. Whin I remimber th' skinny little dodgers that we used to think was gr-reat journals I wondher we put up with thim. They were barely big enough to wrap a good-sized pie in.

"Th' gr-reat iditors in thim days didn't have to know much. A fire in a barn, an assault an' batthry, a surprise party, a hangin', th' sickness iv a prominent flour an' feed merchant, an' a few spicy remarks about th' malignant dodo who idited th' polluted rag acrost th' sthreet, an' he cud lock up th' forms, turn off th' gas, put on his tippet an' goloshes, an' catch th' wan-twinty-five horse car f'r Buena Park.

"What would Horace Greeley do in a modhren newspaper? That ol' joynt iv journalism used to stick his own type an' mebbe go into th' back room an' ink th' rollers. His pa-aper carri'd a motto: 'Largest circylation in th' wurruld. Two hundherd copies a day.'

"I knowed a fellow wanst that was his assistant iditor—or printer's divvle, as they were called in thim days—an' he said that manny a time has he seen Horace standin' at th' case settin' up an iditoryal about a rival iditor, f'rgettin' what he was doin' an' shakin' his composin' stick at his absint inimy an' throwin' th' quads over his shouldher.

"Nowadays a pa-aper that hasn't a circylation iv a couple iv millyon a day—or more thin that if th' iditor ciphers well—ain't worth lookin' at. An' yet ye wudd'nt think there were a millyon people in th' wurruld who cud undherstand pictures.

"Horace Greeley's pa-aper had no pictures excipt th' two porthraits iv a man that'd been cured iv malarya be Mother Winslow's soothin' syrup. In wan picture he looked like Prisidint Coolidge an' in th' other like Babe Ruth. Nowadays th' first thing I look at is th' pictures. They're a great idjacational feature. Seemingly th' iditors don't care how much they spind f'r good likenesses iv lady swimmin' champeens.

"What doesn't an iditor have to know? Ye'd think their heads wud blow up with what they've got to carry in thim. If Horace Greeley come down to his office today, th' first thing he'd have to do wud be to make out the daily cross-wurrud puzzle.

"Thin he'd write a few iditoryals on th' fall iv th' franc, th' battle iv Yanki Poo, th' Cubist school iv art, th' coal sthrike, an' th' Ruy Lopez openin' at chess.

"Thin he'd look over th' pictures an' make suggistions: 'A little too much chin on Jeff today. Betther have Little Orphan Annie get a bar'l iv flour in th' nex' picture.'

"THIN he'd idit th' Daily Doctor: 'G. B. U. writes: "I am forty-five years old, marrid, an' have had falling arches since I left Moline. What shud I do about it?" Answer: Wan iv two things: Ayether (1) go back to Moline; or if not rugged enough (2) go to ye'er wurruk barefut ivry day an' in th' avenin' let th' ankles simmer in a fomentation iv nux vomica, granulated sugar, and vinegar.

"'J. L. writes: "Am thirty, blond, single, bald, cock-eyed, Baptist, modherate abstainer. Me father died at th' age iv sivinty be dhroppin' through a thrapdure. I have gr-reat difficulty in readin' fine print. I am at prisint imployed as a sandwich man f'r a vethrinary surgeon at a dollar a day, but ixpict soon to be at leisure. What wud ye advise?" Answer: Ye are plainly suff'rin' fr'm an occypational disordher known as polyiocardialaborophobia, or Mulligan's disease. Ye shud spind at laste a month each year at Carlsbad. In th' manetime a little light exercise such as horseback ridin' in th' park, goluf, music lessons, et cethry.

"'Mother iv Toothin' Child: Pull the fang as soon as ye can get a hold iv it with th' fire tongs.

"'Artist: To remove dandruff shake th' coat out iv th' window.'

"Afther that Horace wud mebbe idit th' daily menu: 'Wan best bet f'r a ladies' luncheon: Empty a lobster iv its contints; fill th' shell with bran, tomato ketchup, greengages, an' gumdhrops; mix with a rake; set on a hot stove until th' heat becomes unbearable; then set on a cake iv ice; dhraw off th' ketchup, season with tobasco sauce, add two sthrips iv lemon, a velours collar, a couple iv anchovies, a bunch iv pansies, an' serve with a bicycle pump.'

"Or he'd give advice to young girls undher th' name iv Aunt Annabel: 'Minerva writes: "I am a girl iv thirty-five an' am keepin' comp'ny ivry mornin' an' avenin' with a throlley car conductor. Twict ivry day whin I get off th' car he thries to thrip me. Should I accept his attintions? His name is Mike, I think." Answer: My dear little Minnie (ye will let me call ye Minnie, won't ye?): Ye must not be too shy with this rough wooer. Th' nex' time he gives ye th' fut, soak him. If he is not a mere flirt, but intinds to make ye his wife, he'll hit ye back.'

"It's gr-reat spoort pursooin' an article through a Sundah pa-aper. Ye've just settled down to a rollickin' account iv a hold-up be a bob-haired bandit, whin th' cunnin' composition leaps out iv th' first page into th' hinterland. Ye pursoo it through a jungle iv crockery, spring matthresses, cable news, market repoorts, cross-wurrud puzzles, cookin' receipts, fight news, iditoryals on pollytical conditions in th' island iv Yap, want ads, an' patent medicines; stoppin' ivry now an' thin to r-read a speech be Mussoliny, larn a little about th' home life iv th' Mayas, play th' market, put a bet down on th' ponies, linger over an account iv a prize fight, find out what th' well dhressed man is goin' to wear, play a hand at auction, find out how to cook cocynut pie, an' decide to go an' see ol' Doc Grundle f'r those spots befure th' eyes.

"A rasslin' match in th' Sinit."

"Be th' time ye've reached page a hundherd an' nine ye can't well remimber whether 'twas a holdup, a bankit, a burglary, th' League iv Nations, a rasslin' match in th' Sinit, an elopemint iv a millyonaire with his wife, or a sermon, that first fixed ye'er attintion. Ye ar-re on'y sure it wasn't a sermon because it was on th' first page. An' ye don't care.

"Ye know annyhow that th' gunmen an' th' polis both escaped oninjured an' that eight innocint bystanders was wounded. An' it sarved thim right. They ought to've stayed out iv th' line iv' fire, which in these dools is at right angles to th' line iv flight iv th' gunmen.

"But th' peeryodicals ar-re aven betther f'r this kind iv cross-counthry wurruk. What is a peeryodical, says ye?

"A peeryodical, Hinnissy, is a pa-aper that ye buy a week befure

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For Snap and Style in Cut and Colors—A Tom Wye

This Tom Wye cross-stripe Lumber Jack delivers full measure in comfort and style. Pleasing to the eye—grateful to the body—lenient to the purse.

The best answer to the call for extra warmth on the brisk walk or the long ride. The Tom Wye Label is your warranty of top-notch style, value and service. At your dealer's.

TOM WYE, Inc., Winchendon, Mass.

Tom Wye KNIT WEAR

Ustikon Soles

You Stick on

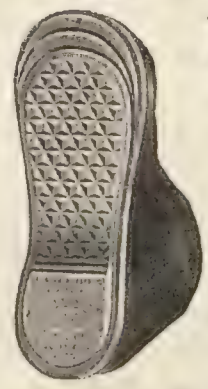
For all the Family

—anyone can put them on to stay on

Men's Regular

Women's Featherweight

Child's Scuffers



Ustikons

are invisible in use, lightweight, non slip, waterproof, with leather next to the foot and rubber on the ground. Anyone can put them on new or old shoes. You gain greater comfort, economy and better health. No bothersome rubbers to wear—no colds from wet feet.

To Salesmen

You will find Ustikons and Auburn Rubber Line a wonderful business opportunity. Write to-day for our full proposition.

To Everybody

Order your Ustikons today. Just send pencil outline of sole with 75c for men's, 70c for women's, 60c for child's in stamps, coin or pay postman C. O. D.

AUBURN RUBBER CO., Dept. 14, Auburn, Indiana

Makers of Superior Quality Tires and Tubes

[MR. DOOLEY ON THE POWER OF THE PRESS
Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

it's out an' that is published a month befure ye buy it.

"Larkin's son, who's in th' pa-aper business, says th' advertisers insist on havin' their advertise-mints printed nex' to readin' matther. I think th' authors ought to demand this too, f'r often ye see a pome printed alongside another pome. Annyhow, to keep up th' sex appeal f'r linoleum an' tooth paste, it is nicissry f'r th' iditor to manoover his love story through th' pages iv advertisin' an' it's up to th' reader to follow these meanderin's if he can without breakin' a leg.

"I tell ye, it takes quite a bookworm to keep up his heart inthrest whin he has to skip fr'm page wan to page eight, to page sixteen, to page forty, to page fifty-two, to page a hundherd an' nine, to page three hundherd an' fifty, on'y to be confronted with a sign: 'Continued in our nex',' or land in an advertisemint f'r superfloos hair.

"Suzanne won th' first set, three gools to wan."

"TH' las' story I r-read in wan iv these dipsomaniacs — or I shud say peeryodicals—was an Alaska love story. Near all love stories ar-re located in Alaska, on account iv th' climate bein' so rigorous there that people has got to care a good dale f'r each other to keep warrum. It wint something like this:

"'Lurline onharnessed th' huskies an', throwin' a caribou's head to her four-footed pets to wrangle over, pushed back her wealth iv Titian hair fr'm her vi'let eyes an' looked acrost th' canyon at th' las' rays iv th' sinkin' sun. At that sicond she was inthreeged be th' crunchin' iv snow an', turnin' with th' swiftness iv a fawn, she glimpsed th' joynt frame iv Red Antone th' ruffyan musher. With an oath he leaped to her side an', seizin' her slendher wrist, cried (Continued on page foorteen). Th' desthruction be th' boll weevil in nineteen twinty-five amounted to eighty millyon dollars. But (Continued on page ninety). "What is that without love?" she said gently, layin' her hand on his coat sleeve an' lookin' into his hungry eyes. Her voice, now tense with emotion, rose as she stressed her wurruds: "Answer me, darlin'. Tell me, do ye"—an' her voice broke into a low croon—"do ye (Continued on page a hundherd an' sixty-siven). Use Moxum's Atter iv Axle Grease afther shavin'! It softens the chin!'

"An' there ye ar-re.

"If I iver go on a peeryodical I'm goin' to have th' couple begin to make love on page wan an' get marrid on page two. If they want to do anny shoppin' they can do it afther they've started keepin' house.

"It's hardly modest f'r a romance to be wandhrin' around among bedroom furniture an' plumbin'. An' it's a tough thing on a young fellow to have a hundherd an' ninety pages iv automobills come between him an' his heart's desire.

"Iv coorse people kick about th' newspapers because they print fam'ly scandals. But what wud ye have thim do? D'ye want to r-read about th' homely varchoos iv ye'er neighbors?

"Wud I hurry out in me nightshirt early in th' mornin' to r-read a pa-aper that gives an account iv ye'er daily life?

"How much wud I pay to find out that 'Malachi Hinnissy, th' well known steel magnet, got up yisterdah at siven o'clock, washed, had his breakfast, wint to wurruk, come home at six-thirty, washed again, et his supper, an' wint to bed'?

"But if ye'er wife divoorces ye f'r carryin' on with a Swede at th' Thransit House I'm up betimes to take th' pa-aper off th' carrier's shouldhers an' stagger into th' house with it, to chuckle over th' last solacious detail.

"As Larkin's boy says, 'Th' newspa-aper holds th' mirror up to human nature.' Afther a while if human nature sees itsilf in th' lookin' glass it may say, 'Am I as tough lookin' as that? If I am I'd betther reform'; an' thin there'd be nawthin' f'r th' boys to write about or f'r us to r-read.

"But iv coorse there ar-re mirrors an' mirrors. There's nawthin' differs so much as mirrors.

"If I look into wan it shows a kind iv a sprightly ol' fellow, but young f'r his years, with a thoughtful wrinkle in th' forehead an' a pleasant smile on th' lips. But another kind iv a shavin' glass turns th' wrinkles iv meditation into a savage scowl an' th' smile into a cunnin' leer.

"A man ought to take gr-reat pains in pickin' out his lookin' glass an' his newspa-apers. Me own fav'rite journal is wan that, while it don't flatther th' human race, laves th' impression that among th' yeggmen, wife-beaters, an' confidence op'rators who compose a majority iv mankind there's a fair sprinklin' iv worthy citizens who niver did annything more ignoble thin to empty th' baby's bank to buy gin.

"Their news may not be always acc'rate, but it's as acc'rate as histhry annyhow, an' it's as acc'rate as th' fi-nancial advertisemints, an' they don't allybi thimsilves be printin' undher an account iv a murder, 'Th' statemints contained in this article ar-re not guaranteed but ar-re based upon information that we believe to be reli'ble.'

"Iv coorse they have to shinny ar-round a little on account iv th' libel laws an' say: 'Th' alleged bride iv th' alleged millyonaire, Abijah J. Tibbets, who is alleged to be a wholesale dealer in leather findings, is alleged to have brought an alleged suit f'r divoorce again her alleged husband, alleging that his alleged affictions have been lavished on an alleged sweetheart who has lured him, it is alleged, away fr'm his alleged lawful alleged wedded alleged wife, Allegra.'

"But that's all r-right; ye know what they mane. Bride manes a woman that's been m a r r i e d thirty years an' sweetheart manes a lady that thravels with a circus.

"Annyhow, I like a little cheerful misinformation. It's good f'r me. If I had anny raison to believe half th' things I hear I'd be blue enough to jump off th' dock. Ye say ye don't w a n t misinformation? Thin why is it ye wrote a letther to th' iditor complainin' because he left th' weather prediction out iv wan issue of his pa-aper?

"AN' ye can't tell me t h a t th' newspa-apers has deginerated. That's wan advantage a fellow has that was bor-rn about th' time Finn MaCool got wisdom be suckin' his thumb whin it was burnt be th' salmon he was fryin'.

"If annywan comes to me sobbin' about th' good ol' times, I can r-reach back into th' storehouse iv me mimry, bedad, an' fish out facts that will stand him on his head.

"Why, I can raymimber th' time whin th' childher weren't allowed to look into th' pa-aper an' father took it out into th' woodshed to r-read. Now th' little wans can have a choice iv bedtime stories, a comic picture iv two urchins throwin' their gramma off th' roof, or an aristocratic cocaine party at Hollywood.

"A gr-reat panorama iv life is th' daily press. Here ye can meet kings, imprors, an' prisidints, murdhrers, scientists, highway robbers, an' s'ciety leaders; watch dynasties tumble an' heavyweight champeens; see gr-reat cities rocked be earthquakes an' larn to take th' knife be th' handle, not th' blade, whin 'atin' spinach.

"An' if ye're sore at heart over th' love affairs iv a Titan iv finance ye can turn to th' nex' column an' r-read about th' captain iv th' Prisident Rosenfelt an' his boat's crew an' know that civvylization ain't entirely given way to progress."

No consideration of the prohibition question would be complete without the opinion of Mr. Dooley. This opinion will be delightfully presented in next week's issue of Liberty. Neither wets nor drys can find anything but enjoyment in the discussion.

Osborn Du-All Polish Mop

10 inch size each $1.00

12 inch size each $1.50

Saturated with Du-All Polish

(Slightly more in the extreme west and Canada)

The yoked frame

lets the handle pass through, and so makes it reversible—an exclusive patented feature

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute 2137 GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Osborn Now Presents—The Only Mop in the World with this Patented Reversible Feature—Double Service Double Life—Greater Convenience

You will appreciate this mop when you come to use it.

You can use it for all your floor dusting—instead of merely in the open spaces, because with the reversible handle you have no fear of damaging furniture.

The Du-All Reversible Handle, swinging in its yoke, lets you use it even under and behind radiators. Gets into corners, too.

Saves you doing those hard to-get-at places by hand, as you do now.

Also, you use both sides. The mop holds more dust and dirt and you need to shake it out only half as often.

For your convenience and to save you annoyance, Osborn Du-All Products, like Osborn *Blue Handle* Brushes, are sold only through retail stores—never by house-to-house canvassers or peddlers.

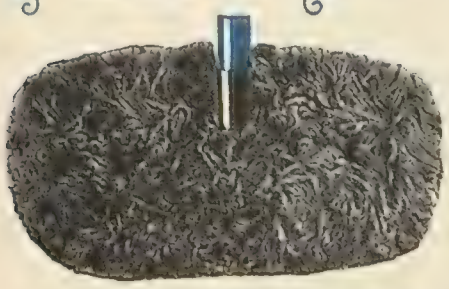
If you experience any difficulty in getting Osborn Du-All Products or Osborn Brushes from your local stores, we will be glad to fill your order direct. Write for illustrated booklet "A"

THE OSBORN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
INCORPORATED
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Osborn Du-All Split Dusters $1.25 each
Especially convenient for chair and table legs. Selected yarn, chemically treated to pick up and hold dust.
(Slightly more in the extreme west and Canada)

Osborn Du-All Hand Dusters
Three sizes—50c—75c—$1.00 each. Chemically treated.
(Slightly more in the extreme west and Canada)

Osborn Du-All Wall Dusters
Two sizes—$1.75—$2.25 each. Dry—Not treated.
(Slightly more in the extreme west and Canada)



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Two Sizes
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Osborn Du-All Polish
4-oz. bottle—30c each. 12-oz. bottle—60c each. 1 qt. can—$1.25 each. Absolutely free from acid, alkali, turpentine, alcohol, or other harmful ingredients. Ideal for floors, furniture and automobiles.
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A Wonderful

Now *you* can have a beautiful, wear-resisting lacquer finish on any piece of furniture—on your floors and woodwork—on anything that can be painted or varnished. *You can apply it yourself in a few minutes.*

This wonderful Rogers Brushing Lacquer, *for home use,* is applied *with a brush* like ordinary paint. Goes right over the old finish. Covers perfectly. Brushes out freely.

Dries while you wait!—HARD AS PORCELAIN AND READY FOR USE.

Just consider what this means. You lacquer a chair and *while you wait* it dries and is ready to use. You lacquer a bedroom floor *and a few minutes later replace all the furniture and walk on the floor.* You lacquer woodwork and *hang your drapes almost immediately.* Do you wonder that women call it a "miracle"?

In addition to quick drying, Rogers Brushing Lacquer offers phenomenal wearing qualities. The porcelain-like surface is PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE. Wears and *wears* and WEARS. Does not print. Cleans like porcelain.

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Whiteface

A Short Story of Man's Unreasoning Hatred

By

JIM TULLY

Pictures by
RAY C. STRANG

A white man slammed the Negro in the jaw.

SOMEWHERE his ancestors must have made forgotten kings to laugh. He had been a stake-driver a short time before. There was a vast difference between swinging an eight-pound sledge and being a kinker. For the kinkers are the performers—the aristocrats of the circus world.

He was a natural clown. People laughed at everything he did. Where he came from, no one knew. His features were aquiline. There were traces of Ethiopian, Caucasian, and Indian in him. But in the South he was just another Negro.

There was an eagle-like expression about his mouth and nose; but out of his eyes was the meek look of a dove. His teeth were as even as little old-fashioned tombstones in a row. He gave one the impression of power gone to seed or of a condor with broken wings.

He was one of those people in the subterranean valleys who somehow manage to grow and give something to a world that has no thought of them. Under the make-up of a clown his somber expression left him. He pushed his magnificent yellow body around the ring in a tawdry fools' parade. He did not walk—he shambled. Over his yellow face was the white paint of the clown. He was, in the language of the circus, a whiteface.

His start had not been conspicuous. He had been helping tear down some aerial rigging, and to save a delay he had been asked to do a dance when another performer reported ill. All the kinkers smiled as he consented. The audience would laugh at his attempt at dancing, and the aim was somehow to make the audience laugh.

Then something happened. The huge Negro, with the flat coarse shoes edged with brass in front, ambled on the platform like a man with no bones in his legs. He resembled an immense dummy held up with wire and allowed to sag in the middle. He looked about him helplessly—and then suddenly listened, as though for a firing squad. Then he held out his long left arm as if wanting to say a last word with the gunners. It was a stroke of uncouth genius.

The terrific effect of it stunned even the ringmaster. There was that tremendous silence one feels only before an execution. Then the great heavy feet began to move.

They patted the wooden stage with the noise of a giant's hands being clapped together. The boneless body moved as if dancing to the roar of the elements. Then suddenly it stopped. He held out his hand for a second as before, and ambled from the stage with the same tempo he had used in closing the dance. The applause went around the tent in mighty waves. He was forced back on the platform again.

There was a heavy silence. The large feet shook for a second and a heavier wave of appreciation rolled around the tent. Then the immense hand went out like a yellow talon outspread. It had the effect of a firing squad again. In another second he had ambled from the platform.

Immediately he was prevailed upon to become a clown. He took the job with the same unconcern with which he had taken that of stake-driving. He assembled his regalia and rehearsed by himself. He would inflict none of his three colors on the pure white strain

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FIVE]

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New Number 100

A beautiful, extra long stocking of 100% pure Japanese Silk-Worm Silk with double toe and heel of specially processed mercerized yarn to ensure longer wear. Knitted with **Green Ring** Garter Ravel Stop—no run can pass the **Green Ring.** Has specially knitted snug-fitting ankle and is obtainable in thirty predominating spring shades in all sizes. Fully guaranteed. We consider this the greatest $1.00 stocking in America. Sold by the box by our bonded representatives.

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SMARTSILK'S representative has a fine gift for you absolutely free when he calls at your home, something which cannot be bought in any store—SMARTSILK HOSE PRESERVER in a dainty ivory composition vanity box. This preserver when used according to instructions enclosed in the box will greatly increase the wearing qualities of any pair of silk hose. It will minimize runs and is absolutely harmless to color or material.

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Smartsilk Green Ring Hosiery and Hose Preserver are obtainable only from the Smartsilk Representative in your city. The Smartsilk Button and other credentials that he carries are your protection. He is a gentleman you will be glad to meet and who will bring you maximum hose satisfaction at minimum cost. If he has not yet called to see you a telephone call to our local office in your city will soon bring him or, if we are not represented in your city, a money-order for $5 sent direct to the Mills will bring you, parcel post prepaid, five pairs of our wonderful No. 100 stockings. When ordering mention size and color desired.

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If you are now earning less than $50 to $100 per week, a wonderful opportunity is offered to you to join our staff of direct representatives, some of whom are now making even more money. The work is highly pleasant and profitable, and experience is not necessary. The National Surety Company bonds both our representatives and our merchandise.

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TRUTHFULLY TOLD - - TRUTHFULLY SOLD

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-THREE]

of his brother clowns. But, in justice to them, they were nearly all artists at heart and drew no color line.

Sufficient to himself as a stake-driver, he remained the same as a clown.

On the third night there wandered on the hippodrome track one of the weirdest of grotesqueries. The pathos and the laughter, the tragedy and the misery of life were stamped on its eagle face. And out of its eyes shone laughing pity.

People with the circus thought it was Jimmy Harkley putting on a new number. Jimmy was the boss clown and liked to do the unexpected. But Jimmy Harkley was standing on the side lines himself. In his eyes were blended jealousy and admiration. For, bowing to right and left, was a master buffoon, all unknowing.

He was using an old artifice to make his audience laugh. That of dignity being made ludicrous and still wrapping the remnants of dignity about itself. He was dressed as a king, with wide, fatuous mouth and little shoe-button eyes. His crown was formed from a battered dish pan and his scepter was a brass curtain pole. A royal robe, trimmed with raw cotton, dragged on the ground behind him and his scurvy pet alley cat used it as a vehicle upon which to ride. Time after time the king would fall out of character long enough to chase the cat from the robe. But as soon as he continued his royal promenade the cat would get on the robe again. In his confusion, the king would stumble over an imaginary obstacle.

After regaining his balance he was all dignity again. It was tragic to have so many unforeseen things happen just at the time he was showing himself to his subjects. But the more he suffered the more his subjects laughed.

WHEN he had made his sad round of the hippodrome track and the curtains of the back entrance hid him from view, he took the scurvy alley cat in his arms and said:

"Well, Bookeh—we done made 'um all laugh."

The manager hurried to find out who the new kinker was. The discovery that he was John Quincy Adams, the roustabout stake-driver, was a surprise. The manager told him to go ahead with the act, and gave him a raise of five dollars a week. This brought his salary up to fifteen dollars.

Jimmy Harkley, of course, was called in as the boss clown. He explained in detail to John Quincy Adams all the tricks which the dark gentleman with the scurvy cat knew by intuition.

He was made to assist in the smaller clown numbers. He took the brunt of physical jokes perpetrated in the arena. He was always the clown upon whom the bucket of water was thrown. It was John Quincy Adams who was dragged by the trick runaway horse. It was his great yellow body that stopped the majority of the slapsticks. He never complained.

Jimmy Harkley did not like him. But the sad-eyed clown liked all the world and could not see dislike in others.

The huge bulk of John Quincy Adams was supersensitive to pain. Who would expect a Negro stake-driver to have acute sensibilities? Every time he winced under the blows of his brother buffoons the audience laughed the more. It was indeed remarkable, the expression of pain he could focus on his white painted face.

His individuality survived it all. It was so marked that Jimmy Harkley was forced by the manager to allow him the center of the stage. He was even consulted about new numbers. At such times the great intuitive clown reverted to the stake-driver and became humble in the presence of whiter and lesser men.

But he never entered the padroom; never dressed in the long tent with the other clowns. He still ate in the roustabout section of the cookhouse. His increase in salary was of benefit only to me and the scurvy cat. The latter was now heavy and dreamed nearly all of its nine lives away on John Quincy Adams' blanket.

We three lived together in a small tent. It was away from the other tents. Whenever

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Booted along, half walking and half dragged, John Quincy Adams was finally taken to a place where a fire was burning.

In Paris at "ANDRELYS"

What a veritable heaven of delight for a woman to stroll through the enchanting shops of the Rue de la Paix, whose couturiers have attained world supremacy in designing her gowns and wraps.

Paris, brilliant as her own social season may be, is also the "fitting out" place for social centers of even greater brilliancy.

From Paris, during the winter season, cosmopolitan women of fashion go to Chamonix and St. Moritz amid Alpine snows; tiring of these, they turn to bask in the semi-tropic sunshine of the Riviera; to Cannes, to Biarritz, or to Pau.

Such sudden changes in temperature work havoc to delicate complexions, and French cosmeticians have attained almost as great a prestige in the development and care of feminine beauty as in its adornment.

How significant, then, are these words of such a famous cosmetician as Andrelys of Paris: *"We have tested Boncilla clasmic Beautifier in competition with the best French and British products of similar nature and find it infinitely superior to any other."*

This is praise, indeed, for the Frenchman is extremely jealous of the reputation of French toiletries, and Andrelys, mind you, is a manufacturer of them, as well as proprietor of a famous Beauty Salon.

Boncilla clasmic Beautifier is a blue-gray balm, almost magical in producing definite complexion results that you can *see* and *feel* the very first time you use it, and *EVERY* time you use it.

If Boncilla clasmic Beautifier *did not* accomplish very definite results, quickly and surely, you would not find it in such an establishment as Andrelys of Paris.

1—Full size Tube Boncilla Clasmic Beautifier $1.00
2—One jar Boncilla Cold Cream.....*FREE*
3—One jar Boncilla Vanishing Cream .....*FREE*
4—One box Boncilla Face Powder.....*FREE*

Isn't this a convincing reason why you should use it?

Beauty, you know, rests far more upon complexion than upon perfect proportion of features.

So—blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, oily or dry skin, coarse or rough skin, sallowness, fine lines, puffiness beneath the eyes, flabbiness about the cheeks and chin—all mar a face that can be made beautiful by the use of Boncilla clasmic Beautifier.

Do you want a skin, free from all these imperfections—soft and smooth with the glow of youth?—Then use this Complete Treatment—Boncilla clasmic Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Creams and Boncilla Face Powder—four times this week; three times next week; and two times the next week—then once each week to keep the complexion beauty that Boncilla has given you—and we promise you this—you and your friends will marvel at the definite improvement in your skin even after the very first application.

Your beauty specialist, with deft fingers, will apply this blue-gray magic balm—or, if this is not convenient, you, yourself, can do it in the privacy of your own home with very pleasing results.

Do this, Please, just to prove these things are true. Get Boncilla at your dealers, or send us $1.00 and we will mail you, prepaid, *"The Little Beauty Shop,"* enough Boncilla for three-weeks home trial.

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We reserve the right to withdraw this 3-FREE offer at any time.

[WHITEFACE
Continued from Page Forty-five]

we moved to a new town, John Quincy Adams would raise the tent alone. As I was red-headed, Irish, and freckled, we three made a strange combination.

He spent his hours playing solitaire or inventing new tricks with dice.

HE could sing well. His voice was full of the tragedy of three races. He was fond of the Southern folk songs, though he never quite got the words of them correctly. A sense of drama or an inarticulate feeling for beauty made him accentuate some lines and sing them over and over. When doing so he would put out his immense hand as he had when he first danced. I learned that it was a habit with him when deeply moved. He would chant with a rolling vibration, the wonderful quality of it choking me with emotion and even making the cat stop licking its scars and look up as the words poured out, the chanter's body slouching low:

"H-i-s fingers were l-o-n-g l-i-k-e
c-ane in the br-ake——
And he—had—no—eyes foh to
see——"

And then as soft as dawn in the desert:

"A few mo—days for—to tote
de—weary l-o-a-d——
No mat-tah—'twi-ll ne-vah—be
light——
A few mo—ye-ahs till—I—tot-teh
da-own de road——
De-en my—ol' Kain-tuck-ee—home
—good night——"

His face at the end of such a verse was a mask of concentrated agony. The heavy lips would quiver.

I have often thought of him since, and of the scurvy cat we both loved. Three rovers of desolation, we had been joined together by the misery of inarticulate understanding.

Success did not affect John Quincy Adams. Somewhere in his roving life there had been planted in his soul the futility of human vanity. So humble and self-effacing was he among the kinkers that most of them forgot the master of pantomime in the person of the ex-stake-driver.

As the weather grew colder we trekked toward that strip of Florida that projects into the Gulf of Mexico.

It was a happy wandering along the gulf. There was a lazy indifference to life that we of the gypsy clan loved. The brilliant sunshine was reflected everywhere. Even the shadows were diffused with light. The air was balmy.

We played three days in some of the towns. That allowed us to wander about a great deal, for the longer a circus plays in a town the easier it becomes for kinkers

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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No travel worries, more fun—on a new Burlington Escorted Tour. Travel expert, as escort, manages everything. Costs no more—lump sum includes all necessary expenses. See the best, travel with congenial people. Fifty-three wonderful two-weeks tours—and Alaska. Finest service of three great railroads. Send coupon for free booklet giving all details.

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Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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A MARVELOUS NEW WAFFLE IRON— *Priced at a Saving*

WAFFLE breakfasts are now surprisingly easy. Simply mix your creamy batter and bring the bowl to the table. No running back and forth, no hot fire, no pall of grimy smoke in the kitchen! The New White-Cross Iron heats rapidly . . . then, every 60 seconds, it turns out a full plate-size waffle right at the table. Waffles for four people in precisely five minutes! Brown, crunchy waffles, running with yellow, melting butter and dripping with maple sap! Dull morning appetites grow eager at the first whiff! Don't deny your family this keen pleasure any longer. . . . They'll bless you every time they're served!

Save One to Four Dollars

Cooks both sides at once. No grease required. No odor, and no smoke. Overlapping grids of pure aluminum and boxed in hinge eliminate all crevices — no batter can collect. Takes no more current than a toaster! Convenient table switch. Beautiful mirrored—nickel finish. Only $10.50.

DEALERS: White Cross means quality—the finest. And White Cross price tags mean quick sales. White CrossElectricstoves and ranges are the fastest selling appliances of the year. Write for information and bulletin.

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Go to your nearest dealer and see this beautiful low-priced iron. Sold by dealers everywhere. But if your dealer can't supply you, simply mail the coupon, and we will ship the iron postpaid. If you are not simply delighted with it, after six days' examination, return it, and your money will be refunded at once.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-SIX]

and flunkies. The work becomes a mere matter of detail, as in a penitentiary or any other institution.

Only one thing marred the happiness of our world. It was the year of a Presidential election, and owing to the uncertainty of how the pendulum of politics would swing, the powers that be retrenched financially. Times became hard, and there was more friction between the colored and white races in the section through which we journeyed. Many fights occurred.

But John Quincy Adams was not at all concerned by the animosities of differently colored men. It was not in his yellow hulk to inflict pain. He cringed at each tale of physical violence he heard. Always there came into his face the look of concentrated agony. And once when a Negro had been laid out with a rock he said to me:

"What foh men 'buse each otheh?"

"I don't know, Quince," I replied. "There were probably some Irish in the gang."

He laughed, his graveyard of teeth showing.

"Yeah, red boy—theah was some niggah too, I'll bet."

"No, I don't think so, Quince," I said banteringly. "The niggers and the Irish like each other. You know they both had to make a long fight for freedom."

John Quincy Adams was slouching low in the tent. He looked across at Booker T. Washington, who had just finished licking the patch above his paw.

"Did you heah that, Bookeh T? Did you-all heah what the red boy says? He done read dat in one o' dem books, Bookeh T. He doan' know what we know—" His voice trailed off. "Niggah an' de Irish like each otheh—" Then he turned toward Booker T. Washington and me.

"You done heah dat song, ain't you, red boy, the niggahs sing—

"I'm goin' to put on ma shoes
an' put on ma coat—
An' walk all oveh God's heaben?"

"Well, that ain't nevah so—now nor no otheh time."

He laughed loudly.

"Heah's what happened: A big black niggah goes prancin' into heaben—an' all de streets was lined wid gold and silber lam'-posts, and big green parrots a-carryin' 'merican flags in der claws kep' shoutin' out, 'Heah's de way, brotheh black man,' and dey leads him right up to de peahly gates—an' right at de coneh was a big chaih made outta oysteh shells—an' de oystehs was a-sittin' up in der shells a-singin'.

"De big niggah he goes a-prancin' by, a-washed all black in de blood ob de Lamb—an' goes a-slidin' up de corrydoor towahds de Great God A'mighty, who's a-standin' theah waitin'. Then you should all hab seen dat niggah tuhn all reddah'n youah haih. A oysteh rush outta its shell and pinches his leg an' says: 'Heah, you niggah! You-all is in de Irish heaben—you kneels befoah youah God, you black heathen.'

"God he looks aroun' an' He says: 'What's you-all mean by dis ovehdue familiahity? Doan' you-all know dis ain't youah heaben? Who to' you come in heah, anyhow? I sahs to my pahrots not to leabe no niggahs in heah—dis is Irish heaben—an' doan' you know dey ain't no freedom wheah you sees birds carryin' de 'merican flag? Dey carries dat for purtection w'en de win's get rough. Now you just chase on outta heah, black boy, to niggah heaben—it's obeh dah, back ob de slaughter-house.'

"De big niggah he walks away fasteh'n lightnin' an' God He done call out: 'Heah, you lazy oystehs—scrub up dis place wheah de niggah's feet habe been. An' let no moah niggahs in heah. Fuhst thing I know dese silber walks'll be all black——'

"Den de niggah he goes a-singin' obeh towahds de slaughteh-house, past wheah de dead oystehs is buried:

"'Jesus, my awl to heaben has gone. Wheah is de stump I laid it on?'

"An' dat's how de niggah walked all obeh God's heaben. Dem niggahs is all de time kiddin' demselves."

THE wind from the gulf had turned colder. It moaned dismally about the tent. John Quincy Adams concluded his tale of the Negro in the Irish heaven. He had finished a hard day's playing to half-empty seats and was soon stretched out on the blankets with Booker T. Washington. Soon I could hear the cat purring and the pantomimist breathing heavily.

The night finally pushed its way into a drizzly morning. I went early to do my chores with the animals. They huddled forlornly together in the corners of their cages. We loitered about until afternoon. A small crowd again turned out for the midday performance. A cold wind blew from the gulf and all nerves were testy. Every person seemed to have a chip on his shoulder. The natives were hostile to the circus people.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

$4.40 *Coffee for One or Four Without Waste*

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THE inside of this new percolator is as remarkable as its charming new design. The interior is made without crevices, the bottom is flat and smooth, completely stream-lined with no hard-to-get-at holes or depressions. You can clean it in a jiffy. And you don't know how good, how clear, how fragrant, coffee can be until you have made it in this new White-Cross percolator that is always really clean, fresh and sanitary.

Another feature you will enthusiastically approve is that you can make one, two, three or four cups of piping hot coffee, using only the exact amount of coffee for the number of cups required, without the usual waste.

In this new White-Cross Percolator there is urn-like beauty, grace and distinction—as well as downright economy. Finely made of heavy, pure aluminum, brilliantly polished, with reinforced handle sockets and a metallically sealed, moisture proof genuine Nichrome heating element *guaranteed for two years.*

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Sold by good dealers everywhere. Go to your nearest dealer now and make this charming percolator your own. Comparison will reveal a clear saving in price—an amazing value at $4.40. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct for six days' examination. Simply mail the coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not delighted in every way, return the percolator and we will refund your money without comment.

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That film absorbs discolorations from foods, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

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[WHITEFACE
Continued from Page Forty-seven]

"Somethin's goin' to happen in dis burg—I feels it in ma bones," was John Quincy Adams' comment at the dinner table.

"Nope, you're all cold, Quince," I said. "Everything'll slip along all right and we'll breeze outta here tomorrow, an' in two days we'll hit Miami. Then things'll break better."

"Maybe so, maybe so—but I done got a funny feelin'," was John Quincy's rejoinder.

That evening a colored man was said to have insulted a white woman. He had, intentionally or otherwise, stepped ahead of her in the purchase of a ticket.

A white man saw the act. He slammed the Negro in the jaw. The Negro (not knowing his place) slammed the white man back. Another race riot started.

The Negroes connected with the circus disappeared as if by magic. Gangs of white men were looking for them everywhere. When found, the Negroes were sent running down the road followed by rock salt and bacon rind from the guns of the whites. It was great fun until a Negro sent a real bullet through the arm of a white rowdy and ducked under the circus tent.

The rules of the game had been broken. The white men turned ugly and demanded blood.

They surrounded the main tent like bush-beaters closing in on a predatory animal. Carrying knives, guns, and clubs, the avenging roughs tramped through the tent.

I covered John Quincy Adams with a heavy blanket as the men came closer to our tent. With pounding heart I heard them talking.

"He ducked in here somewheres—we'll git him," one of them said.

AFTER a seeming eternity of waiting, a ruffian pushed the flaps open and entered our tent. Four others followed.

"You ain't got a nigger in heah—have y'u?" asked the leader.

"Nigger? Hell, no—what 'ud a nigger be doin' in here?" I asked hotly.

Just then Booker T. Washington ran across the tent and burrowed under the blanket. With heartsick eyes I looked at him. The eyes of the five men followed.

"You damn little liar!" shouted the leader as he pushed me backward and rushed forward with the other men to the blanket.

A shout went up:

"Here he is! We got him!"

Many more men entered. A voice shouted, "That's him—that's the nigger that shot me."

Another man laughed. "Lookit him—tryin' to make up like a white man—paint smeared all oveh his mug."

THE face of John Quincy Adams was full of pain. The crowd kicked and pushed him. He had the expression of the doomed in his eyes as he looked about frantically. I thought of his abnormal dread of pain.

"He didn't do nothin', men; he's a white nigger," I pleaded.

"Get the hell outta here!" snapped the leader. "We'll make him wish he was white. What was he hidin' for if he ain't the one?" he demanded, rubbing his tobacco-stained beard.

Several men held John Quincy Adams while two more swung vicious blows at his head. One man used a blackjack. John's head fell on his chest as though his neck had broken.

"I ain't nevah huht nothin'," he gasped weakly. A fist smashed against his mouth.

Booted along, half walking and half dragged, his eyes covered with blood that flowed from the cuts in his head, John Quincy Adams was finally taken to a place where a fire was burning.

On the fire was a large square tin can into which chunks of tar were being thrown. Some of the tar fell into the flames and caused dense black smoke to curl around the heads of victim and persecutors.

"Le's stake him to the fire an' burn him!" yelled the tough with the injured arm. "He'd 'a' killed me dead if he could."

"Nope—le's just give him a nice overcoat o' hot tar," suggested another; "that'll hold him in his place for a while."

They tore his shirt from his body and threw it into the fire. Then his undershirt was torn into strips and stuck into the melting tar.

There were moans as the tar was applied to the heaving body. The nauseating reek of burnt flesh and the odor of tar was everywhere.

The frenzy of the tormentors at last died down. They left the scene after kicking the prostrate man on the ground. The fire smoldered as I approached the still form of John Quincy Adams and knelt beside him. His face was like that of a man crucified.

The wind blew in cold gusts from the gulf. But John Quincy Adams was forever unconscious of wind and weather.

THE END

"I have no malice," said Isabella; "only a natural shame. All Europe knows the Black Cousin."

The Black Cousin

A Serial of Love, Laughter, Mystery, and a Feud Fought to the Death for a Vast Fortune

By

Clarence Budington Kelland

Pictures by KENNETH CAMP

"I DON'T believe you dare leave me behind—alive," said Beatrice d'Este slowly.

"And why not?" her father asked.

"Because you know how I hate you. How will you escape if, as soon as I am free, I tell the truth to those who already suspect?"

"Impossible," he said. "They would probably hang you."

Beatrice d'Este, a black-haired beauty, had appeared in the New England village of Ringboro posing as Princess Isabella d'Este. Isabella was sole heiress to the estate of her late uncle, Micah Estey, of Ringboro.

With Beatrice, the false princess, came her father, who called himself Monsieur Floresta. This Floresta's plan was to get possession of the Estey property, sell it, and decamp.

But two young Americans, Worthington Harries and Rhino Pung, got a clue to the plot and hurried to Ringboro. Rhino, whose father had once loved a d'Este princess, made the startling discovery that the real Princess Isabella was a captive in the Estey mansion. He got a glimpse of her golden hair, promptly fell in love with her, and resolved to save her. Floresta, Rhino believed, intended to have her killed by Moik, a half-human creature, who hid in the near-by woods.

Beatrice, known in Europe as the Black Cousin, had long been the dupe of her gambler father, Floresta, who had used her to lure men to his gaming tables. He himself was the son of a dissipated prince who had signed away his inheritance.

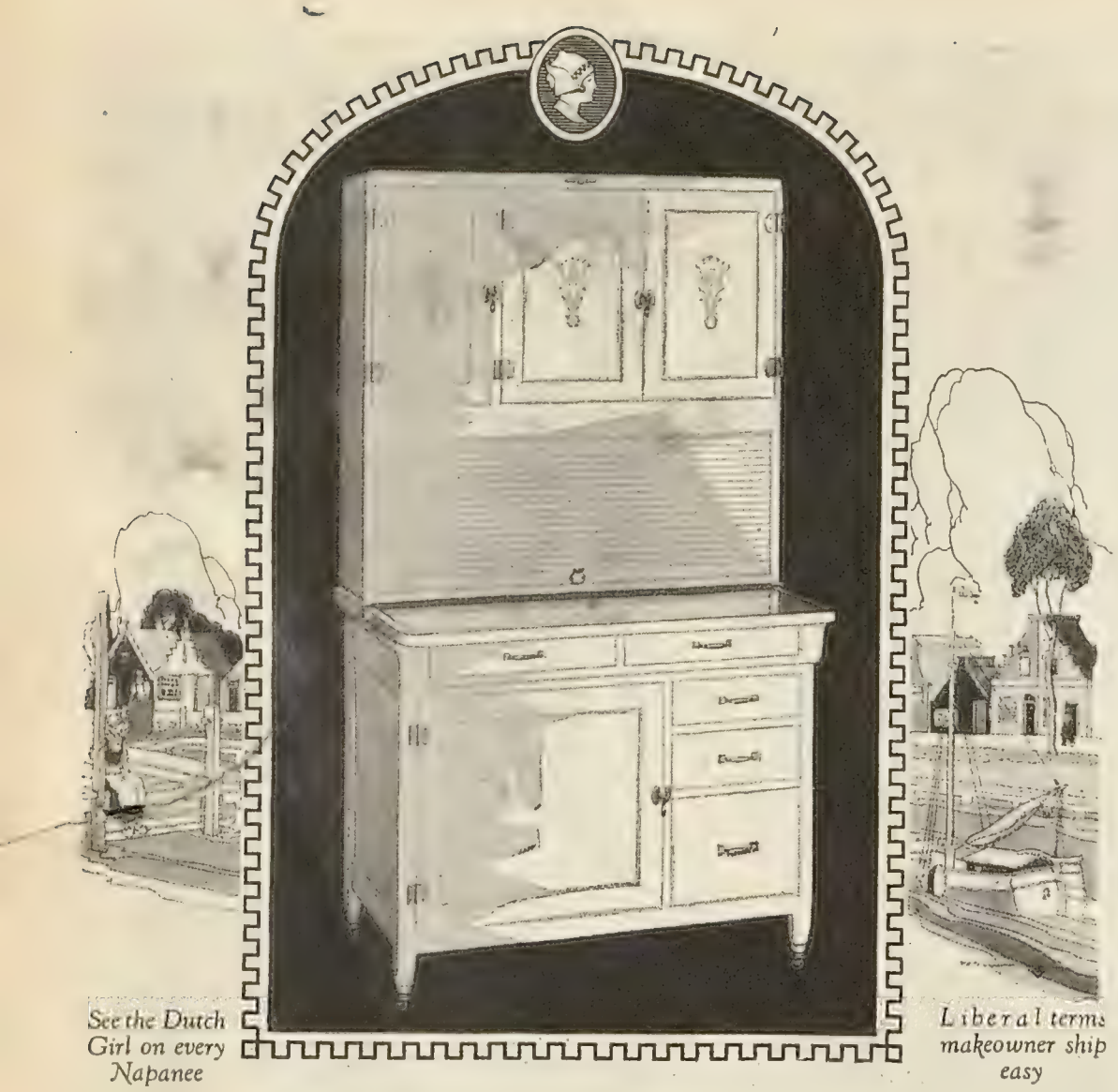
Floresta had convinced his daughter that he and she had suffered injustice and that she had a moral right to the Estey money. Realizing at last that her claim was based on lies, she loathed him and resolved to help Isabella—the cousin she had hated—and to save her life, if possible.

Over Floresta hung the menace of the dread Mafia, a Sicilian secret society that deals out death to those who disobey its commands. And Rhino Pung, having bought the property that linked the Estey lands to the holdings of the Ringboro Power Company, could now block Floresta's quick-sale scheme.

CHAPTER EIGHT

THE official in charge of the destinies of the power company in Ringboro was frankly bewildered. He sat in his private office talking to Rhino Pung—was prepared to make a bona fide offer for the land

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

Rhino had bought—the property that linked the Estey estates to the holdings of the company. But Rhino refused to consider any offer at any figure.

"Not today," said Rhino.

"Not today! What do you mean? Now listen here, young man. The power company is a big concern. It won't stand for anybody's monkeying."

"It will for mine," said Rhino. "Afternoon!"

AGAIN the official summoned Rhino to return to discuss matters. But Rhino was suddenly deaf. He did not hear, but marched stolidly, with a certain irresistibility, out of the room, through the general offices, and into the air.

On the graveled walk stretching to the bridge he encountered Monsieur Floresta. The Sicilian was dressed as your *boulevardier* might array himself for a stroll along the Bois de Boulogne.

"The day," he said affably, "is fine."

Rhino did not smile, but his courtesy, though not so ornamental as Floresta's, was nevertheless impeccable. He replied briefly in agreement. Floresta was about to pass on his way but Rhino arrested him.

"Signore Floresta," he said, deliberately translating the French form of address.

"Yes, my friend?"

"We don't deceive each other," said Rhino.

"I question if we do," replied Floresta. "May I offer a cigarette? It seems we are to talk."

Rhino accepted the courtesy, maintained silence until both had lighted from the same match, and then maintained further silence.

"You were saying?" prompted Floresta.

"Signore d'Este!" said Rhino.

"Ah, names! Like cravats, Mr. Pung. One changes them now and then."

"Gambler — spy — sometimes trickster."

"Would you have me dig around the roots of a lemon tree? What then? All things are futile except providing for today. Tomorrow may not make itself to arrive. As for the things of yesterday, they exist no longer."

"I learned," said Rhino, making an extraordinarily lengthy speech, "a different philosophy."

One could not have guessed from Floresta's manner that he was a man staring over the precipice of desperation. Whatever evil may be told of him it must be set down that he carried himself debonairly, as a gentleman—even a wicked gentleman—should.

"I have seen the princess," said Rhino. "Also the Black Cousin."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY]

"You seem to fancy," Floresta answered, "that there are two women in the house I occupy."

"I know it."

"Ah. Then it remains for me to tell you there is not even *one* woman. No. Even the *Principessa* is gone. Wearied of this spot. Before dawn she drove away."

Rhino lifted his brows. "She was not turned back?"

For an instant Floresta's eyes ceased to smile, became somber, of dulled steel.

"Turned back?" he asked.

RHINO spoke for the first time in Italian.

"Rendazza," he said, "lies at the gates of the estates which were the wealth of your grandfather—which your father wasted before——"

"I remember," said Floresta, and then completed Rhino's unfinished sentence: "—before *your* father meddled. I remember a fact I had forgotten. He was head of the Mafia in Rendazza."

"Yes."

"Did you bring them here? Am I in your debt for that?"

"No; I fight my own battles. But 'friends' are here. Therefore I think no man or woman left your house this day."

Floresta stood silent a moment.

"Then," he said, "ponder this. After all, I have my ambitions. One of them is that descendants of my body shall bear the name and honors and spend the wealth of the d'Estes. True, 'friends' are here and may have business with me—but no business with my daughter. She is, and shall remain, Principessa d'Este. Am I clear? There will be no other claimant."

"Once," said Rhino, "you have sold the property and have the cash in hand—provided you can escape—what then? Will your daughter live—or is it your intention merely to desert her to face the crime into which you have dragged her? Signore, the Mafia may be eluded. From the police you may escape. But I remain to be considered."

"You *still* remain," said Floresta with significant emphasis. "For that there is a remedy."

Rhino lifted his heavy shoulders.

Floresta interpreted the gesture. "You are right," he said suavely; "we must play the game to checkmate." And so, bowing graciously, he continued on his way up the path and to the door of the office. Rhino watched him enter.

The Sicilian was shown at once into the office of the official he had come to see. This gentleman sat frowning and gnawing his lip; for a thing had happened that would bring him scant credit with his directors.

"Monsieur Floresta," he said, "there is a hitch."

"I do not understand."

"Our transaction cannot be completed today. Perhaps you met a young man leaving this office?"

"Without doubt."

"I will explain. My company has desired your holdings for years, but they have been made valueless to us unless we can do business with that young man. There lies a tract between your timber and our land that is indispensable. Day after day we've had an expert surveyor on the job, collecting data from which maps and charts have been made. His reports have confirmed us in the conviction that we've got to have that tract. There, in time, our dam must be erected. I did not buy it, for there was no necessity. Only Micah Estey and ourselves were possible purchasers and I should have been a poor business man to tie up so much capital needlessly. Am I clear?"

"What you are saying is that this young man has bought the indispensable land."

"Exactly."

"And I am not then, according to your promise, to receive that initial payment today?"

"A large sum! I am sorry to say the affair is at a standstill. The young man declines to sell. Until he changes his mind matters must remain as they are."

Floresta's face did not change, but there smoldered in him so black a hatred for Rhino Pung that his heart could never again be free from the stain of it. He understood. Rhino had seen this opportunity to hamper, to delay. It was directed at him, spelled defeat for him—a partial but staggering defeat.

TODAY he was to have received from this company a huge check as binder of the bargain and first payment—enough, added to what already he had amassed in the local bank, to keep him in glowing luxury in those centers of fashion he loved to frequent upon the Continent. Now, by this stroke, his loot was diminished by half.

But his brain was keen. He saw the inevitability of it, the uselessness of argument. And so he arose, bowing.

"For both our sakes," he said in his most courtly manner, "I am regretful."

After all, rascals may have

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy.

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost $35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew *and didn't*.

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that $35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading course before another sun sets."

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It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man may become familiar with *all* the underlying principles of business.

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[THE BLACK COUSIN Continued from Page Fifty-one]

their points. Let no man say Monsieur Floresta's self-control was less than admirable.

This setback demanded an alteration in his plans, a speeding up. After all it would be better to make away with what was ready to his hand than to dally and lose all. Besides, he reflected, a dead man's capacity for enjoying wealth is negligible. Even the satisfaction of leaving behind an estate is one that could not be enjoyed after the doors closed upon him. Therefore as he walked down the narrow sidewalk toward the village he determined upon promptness.

Presently he entered the bank. In the safety deposit box that had once been the property of Micah Estey there should have been securities. They were gone; but in their place were packages of currency. It had been his first care to convert the quick assets to cash. These he did into a neat—if over-bulky—parcel and went out to step into that conveyance in which Rhino and Harries had first seen him. Without haste he drove to the mansion, whose gates opened to his summons.

HIS necessities were twofold. First, he must escape with his life and with his loot; second, he must contrive so that he could enjoy the life he hoped to save. The life of a fugitive is not enviable. Therefore it was essential that there should be no evidence of the commission of a crime.

The law had accepted his daughter as heiress to Micah Estey's property. Identification had been final and complete. However, if there appeared another claimant there would be inquiries, investigations. With such once afoot the true state of the affair would be discovered. But if no claimant appeared, who was there to ask questions? There must be no claimant.

He considered that matter. No person not implicated in the affair could swear to the existence of another girl in that house. None knew of her presence, though Rhino Pung and his friend might be convinced of it. He recalled how Rhino had said he had seen the other, but he did not believe that. Even so, if no such person were found, Rhino would be helpless.

He was cool and businesslike. Here he confronted a matter of expediency that did not daunt him. But it must be attended to with skill. The girl must disappear but she must so disappear that none might be able to say she had ever existed. That required planning.

As for his daughter, he shrugged his shoulders. She hated him. He knew no fondness for her. But

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

she had been useful. She would be useful no longer and he did not propose to cumber himself with skirts in his flight. From her he anticipated no danger. To betray him she would have to betray herself. She should be left behind to sink or swim, to hold the estate or to lose it, as her luck and her skill should determine.

As soon as darkness fell he would summon Moik from the woods; then the business would go forward.

THE Principessa d'Este stood by her shuttered window hoping for the thousandth time to see a human face or figure. Her view was restricted, for the blinds had been fastened so that she could look only diagonally downward. True, there was one peephole the size of a dime where a knot once had been; but it was unsatisfactory.

Since the day of her imprisonment in that room she had seen no human being except the servant who brought her meals, Beatrice d'Este, Floresta — and occasionally, through the interstices of the blind, Giuseppe at his sentry go.

So occupied was she with thinking and with watching that the opening of the door did not distract her. She did not know she no longer was alone until Beatrice spoke to her.

"Cousin—" began the black-haired girl.

Isabella wheeled, stood poised, one graceful hand slightly raised, one foot thrust forward. Beatrice locked the door carefully, put her back to it, and spoke.

"There is necessity," she said, "for us to speak together without malice."

Isabella drew herself erect. "I have no malice; only a natural shame. All Europe knows the Black Cousin."

Beatrice lifted her face with what might have been a gesture of pride but which, as she used it, became rather one of humility. "There is no time to waste. What I say you must believe."

"Why?" asked Isabella.

"Because," said Beatrice, "it will do no harm to believe and it may assist. Remember, I armed you when you were unarmed."

"I remember."

"I am a prisoner too," said Beatrice.

Isabella smiled ironically.

"What—with a key to my room in your hand?"

"It has not yet been taken from me," Beatrice said patiently; and then, "I think we come to the end tonight."

"What then?"

"*He* is going. Just now he admitted it. And other things. Deserting me to face the consequences of what we have done."

"And you are frightened?"

"Only of myself," said Beatrice. "He has told me things that he would never admit if it were his intention I should be able to repeat them."

"What things?" Isabella was interested, curious—if skeptical.

"That he has lied to me—used me. I—it is too soon for me to realize it—quite! My very life was founded on what I believed. It has been directed to one end."

"And that?"

"Restoring my branch of the family to its rights—and I have discovered it has no rights."

"That," said Isabella, "I could have told you any day."

"He told me *this* day," said Beatrice. "What I am I have become in vain. What I have suffered I have suffered for a lie. My very hatred of you has been a lie, for it was without just cause."

"Are you," asked Isabella, "by any chance speaking the truth?"

"I am confessing to you — concealing nothing—defending no action. And I must endure what you say to me. Oh, it is not patience, it is not humility. I have none of either. But—and you may smile if you will—I have respect for myself, which is but another name for honor."

Isabella did not smile.

"Go on," she said. "I am trying to understand."

Beatrice paused, hesitated.

"Cousin," she said then, "revenge is a dangerous toy. I am done playing with it."

"I almost believe you," said Isabella.

"YOU will believe me. He is going; flying. I do not think he means me to enjoy what we have stolen—more than he means to permit you to live to claim your inheritance."

"Ah! At any rate I see his point. If I disappear there is none who can prove that I was ever here. No one can oust you. The courts must have accepted you as myself. When I have vanished you will be safe."

"That is what he says. But you have heard me. You must not doubt. Without me this plot could not have succeeded. Therefore the chief fault is mine. I am here to undo it if it lies within my power."

"How undo it?"

"I do not know. I am a prisoner as you are. I cannot step outside the gates. It is impossible

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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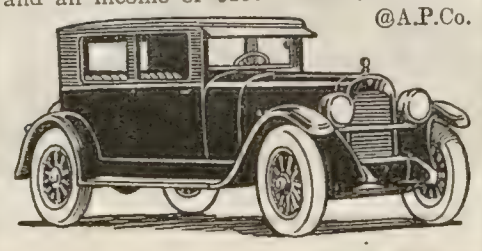

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Name.....

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.....
(Write Plainly)

[THE BLACK COUSIN
Continued from Page Fifty-three]

to send a message. What is done we ourselves must do. When he remembers he will lock me in my room. He threatened to do so."

"What do you propose? Oh, this is incredible! How can I believe you? You are working for some end, deceiving me for some purpose that is a piece of the whole plot."

"No—no. That is not true. I—oh, how can I *make* you have faith in me!"

Isabella waited, impressed in spite of herself. She was drowning and here was a straw. Would it not be wrong not to grasp it? How, if she trusted her cousin and were indeed deceived, would she be in a worse plight than before?

"I think," she said, "I am going to believe you. Not because I have faith in you but because—because this amazing thing *may* be true."

"It is. And I care nothing why you believe or what you think or what you say, so long as you act as if you trusted me."

"But," asked her cousin, "what can we do —other than to lock this door and barricade ourselves in this room?"

"There must be a better way. This is a great house, a queer house. Somewhere there is a hiding-place. Let me think! Let me think!"

Necessity drove her. Her mind flitted through the rooms and corridors of that strange, rambling, gloomy house—searching for some haven that might suffice for a few hours.

Not in the basements, not below stairs, not on the chamber floor. There remained only the attics.

"Come," she said to Isabella; and her cousin complied.

IT was silent, there was no step on the stairs, so she motioned Isabella to follow her.

Across the threshold they paused briefly to lock the door.

"It may take them a few minutes to break in," Beatrice said, "and every minute is precious."

Another instant was consumed in locking her own door. Then she led the way to the door that opened on the steep, narrow stairs leading to the attic over the east wing. There was a key here with which Beatrice locked the door after them. Then they climbed to the floor above—a great space with the roof closing in to a peak above their heads; gloomy, smelling of dust and must, dark with rapidly falling night.

"The door opens outward," said Beatrice. "We cannot barricade it."

"Is there no other entrance?"

"None, I think, excepting the scuttle—and the dormer windows. But there is no ladder to reach them."

"Then," said Isabella, "let us fill the stairs. It will be as good as a barricade. See—if they force the door— Come, we must find things to pile there—many things—as heavy as we can lift. If we must have delay, that will hold them back."

So they set about this labor—the bruising toil of carrying boxes, old furniture, and what not and piling them there in the narrow stairway. It was exhausting, but they worked for their lives. Bruised fingers, torn frocks, aching arms—what mattered these if their toil resulted in an hour's delay?

They finished. And then it was Beatrice who perceived another means of defense.

"See," she said, "a heavy trunk here at the head of the stairs. If someone tries to mount we can topple it down on him!"

Then, having accomplished all that was possible, they did not disdain to sink upon the dusty floor, exhausted, panting, bleeding, aching—to wait.

"Ah, names!" said Floresta. "Like cravats, Mr. Pung. One changes them now and then.

"RHINO," said Harries very earnestly, "I've got to be doing something. All the world isn't like you, old thing—you're as high-strung as a barrel of putty. But another half-hour of this sitting and waiting to take root will have me erupting. Man, there's something going on out there. I couldn't get in. She waved to me from the window."

"Do what?" asked Rhino placidly.

"Go out and batter down the gates with an ax! I'm going to have that girl out of the mess this night."

"Both girls," corrected Rhino succinctly.

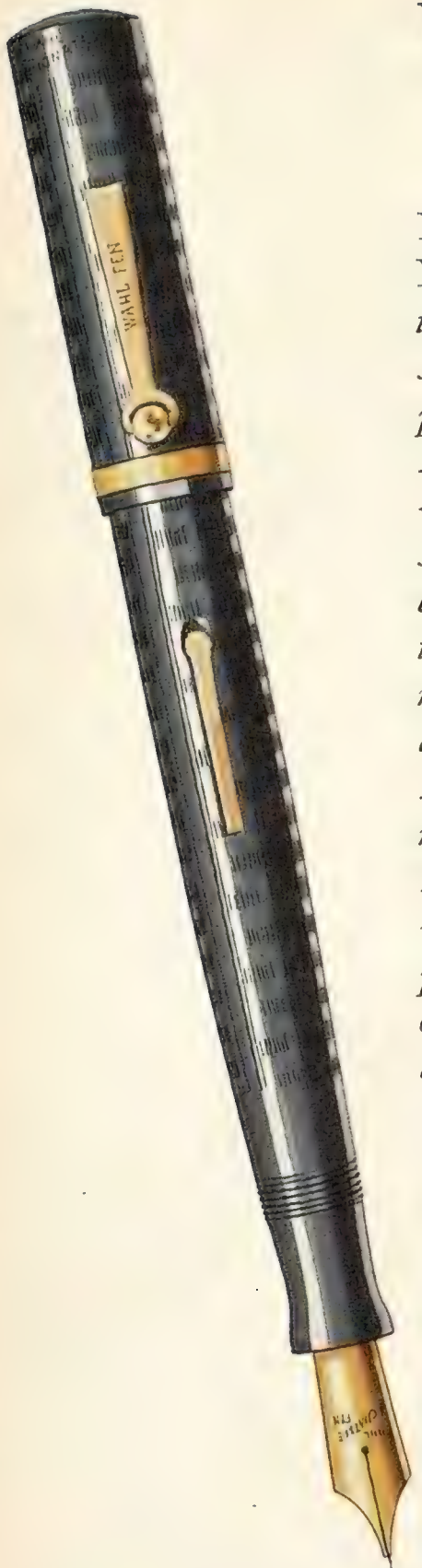
"Come on, then."

"Not yet."

"Then sit and grow to your chair. I'm on my way."

There was no subterfuge to conceal Harries' intention. He took the most direct road to Micah Estey's mansion. And

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 57]



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"The doctor can see you tomorrow"

If you have not been to your dentist's within the last six months, call him right away for an appointment. Let him make a thorough examination of your teeth and gums to detect signs of trouble. Neglect may lead to dangerous consequences.

Pyorrhea strikes 4 out of 5

AT forty, grim Pyorrhea strikes four out of five because of carelessness regarding the health of their teeth and gums. And thousands even younger fall victim to this dread disease. This, your own dentist will tell you.

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Why wait a day longer to begin using Forhan's? Delay may bring serious results.

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MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE · · · *IT CHECKS PYORRHEA*

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

Rhino, quite undisturbed no matter how hearty his disapproval, trudged at his side, wasting no breath in expostulations. They had traversed a quarter of the way through the gloaming when the figure of a man stepped from the undergrowth and held up a detaining hand. The young men halted.

"Signore Pung," said this individual, "be advised."

"Ah—Signore Marocco! It is your desire to have speech with me?"

THEY addressed each other in Italian while Harries chafed and wondered what it was all about.

"It is not a night for speech," said Marocco. "I am requesting the *signore* to be advised."

"Are there then wolves in these woods?" asked Rhino.

"If there are their teeth are not bared for the *signore* and his friend."

"If," said Rhino dryly, "we are advised."

"The *signore* has not an empty head; the old and the new wisdom are his. Though he is familiar with what is taught today, he does not neglect what was the knowledge of the old ones."

"In this country," said Rhino, "one would not advise a friend to stop travelers upon the road. There are stringent laws covering such matters. Look about you, *signore*. Do you see the lights of Castrogiovanni at the top of any mountain?"

"It is not Sicily," admitted Marocco, "nor do I stop any traveler who passes. All come and go freely this night and in ignorance. It is because you do not go altogether in ignorance that I venture to offer service."

"Which is?"

"That you return to your inn and there remain where all men may see you until the morning. I am not forward. It is understood by me that the *signore* understands his own intentions; but I persuade myself that the *signore* would do wisely if for this time he would be advised."

"We go to the house of Micah Estey," said Rhino.

"That was guessed. Go another night. There are many nights."

"Signore Marocco, can you answer a question for me? How many women are in yonder house?"

"Ah, as to that! An old one who cooks and a young one with black hair."

"Black indeed," said Rhino. "And another?"

"No other concerns—us."

"If I inform you there is another—with hair the color of gold—what then?"

"No knowledge is to be despised," said Marocco.

"I go in her interests," said Rhino.

"Postpone the going, *signore*."

"If I delay," said Rhino, "her interests may be in another world than this."

"This mission has been intrusted to me. The *signore* knows the cost of failure or of deviation from orders."

"I know."

"Then you persuade yourself that your brain leads back to the village?"

"DAY after day we've had an expert surveyor on the job."

"Would we reach the house?" asked Rhino.

"Let the *signore* answer his own question."

"Would you have me go as friend or as enemy?"

"Who esteems friendship more highly than I? Also you are like as one olive is to another to your father. I would not make an enemy of such a man. I saw your father no less than three times. Of this I have boasted before the hearth."

"Whether I return or not and whether I go as friend or enemy must depend upon your answer to a question."

"Let it be asked."

"My lips be sealed."

"That is understood."

"What are your intentions with respect to the young woman with black hair?"

"She was not mentioned in my orders."

Rhino nodded. "Your business is with the man who calls himself Floresta—with him alone?"

"That is true."

"To aid him or to impede him?"

"Does one give aid to a *traditore*—to one who betrays for a sum of money? The deaths of three men lie at his door."

"Another question: Do you enter his house?"

"We wait for him to come out—as he must, and, we believe, this night."

"And then?"

"My orders are to return with him across the ocean—to Sicily."

"For trial before those who have the authority?"

"He has been tried and his guilt established."

"Why, then, may we not go to the house? Are we not enemies to this man?"

"For that reason—and for another—you may not go. First, the man is ours. He must be taken to a certain place and there delivered uninjured. Second, *signore*, you are of this land and not of mine. You have other ideas than ours. You would not protect an enemy against the law of this country but would let it take its course—but we are not the law. We are friends, carrying out a decree of friends. If I read you aright, *signore*, you would see your duty to be to save this man from us and to turn him over to your law.

"It is not easy for me to understand this but I know it to be true. It is a difference of race. We, *signore*, would think our manhood stained should we give up an enemy to the law. You, on the contrary, would find a smirch upon your honor if, it being in your power, you did not protect even an enemy from a vengeance not of the law. Am I not speaking what is in your mind?"

"I cannot deny it," said Rhino; "and therefore my friend and I—we shall be advised. Our road lies toward the village."

"GO with the protection of San Salvestro. I shall report that Rhino Pung has a son worthy of his father and that I have seen him."

"My respects to my father's friends," said Rhino politely. With which he returned to the impatient Harries and said, "We go back."

"No."

"Necessary."

"Why?"

"Never reach the house," said Rhino.

"Who will stop us? Listen, man—nobody is going to stop me from going to her now."

"I will," said Rhino.

Harries looked into his friend's

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A chance meeting—hair *smooth, smart*

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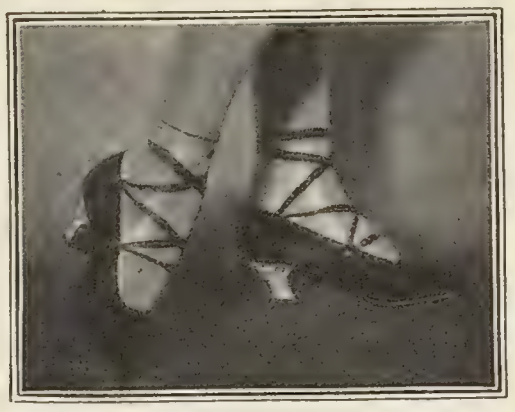

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[THE BLACK COUSIN Continued from Page Fifty-seven]

eyes astonished, enraged. Rhino shook his head and surreptitiously closed the eye farther from Marocco.

"Come," he said, and Harries obeyed the wink rather than the spoken command.

Marocco watched them around the bend of the road before he disappeared again in the undergrowth.

"Now," said Harries when a safe distance separated them from the Sicilian, "translate the wink. First eloquence you ever turned loose. If words come hard try the language of flowers."

"Got to get past 'em somehow," said Rhino.

"That's clear; but who are they and why?"

"Mafia—after Floresta."

"Um-m. Then have we got to lick this coterie of highbinders in addition to taking on Floresta, Giuseppe and Company?"

"Hope not. Fool 'em," said Rhino.

The Princess and her cousin barricaded in an attic, as death comes nearer and nearer! Their rescuers turned aside! Will they arrive in time? For a gripping struggle and a great climax, read next week's Liberty.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Wasn't He Generous!

There was only one piece of pie left over from luncheon, and mother divided it equally between Bobby and Elsie. Bobbie looked at his pie and then at his mother's empty plate.

"Mamma," he said earnestly, "I can't enjoy my pie when you haven't any. Take Elsie's."—L. A. P., Owensboro, Ky.

* * *

Crocheted Hair

A girl with her hair braided came to school. Bobbie came home bursting with the news.

"Mamma," he cried, "a girl came today with her hair crocheted down her back!"—J. M. W., Danville, Ill.

* * *

Now That Was a Problem!

Jean, aged three, received a two-faced rag doll for her birthday. She looked at it carefully, then turned to me and said: "Muddy, where can I spank this doll? She has no other side."—L. A. W., Dubuque, Ia.

* * *

He Wanted a Pattern

Sonny came into the kitchen one evening as I was preparing dinner, and asked me to make some fudge. I told him I didn't have time.

"Well, then," he said, "I'll make it. Just give me the pattern and I'll do it."—T. H. S., Canton, Ill.

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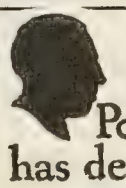

Powel Crosley, Jr., has developed in the CRESCENDON a device that gives this 4 TUBE RADIO performance expected in sets of much greater cost $29

4-29

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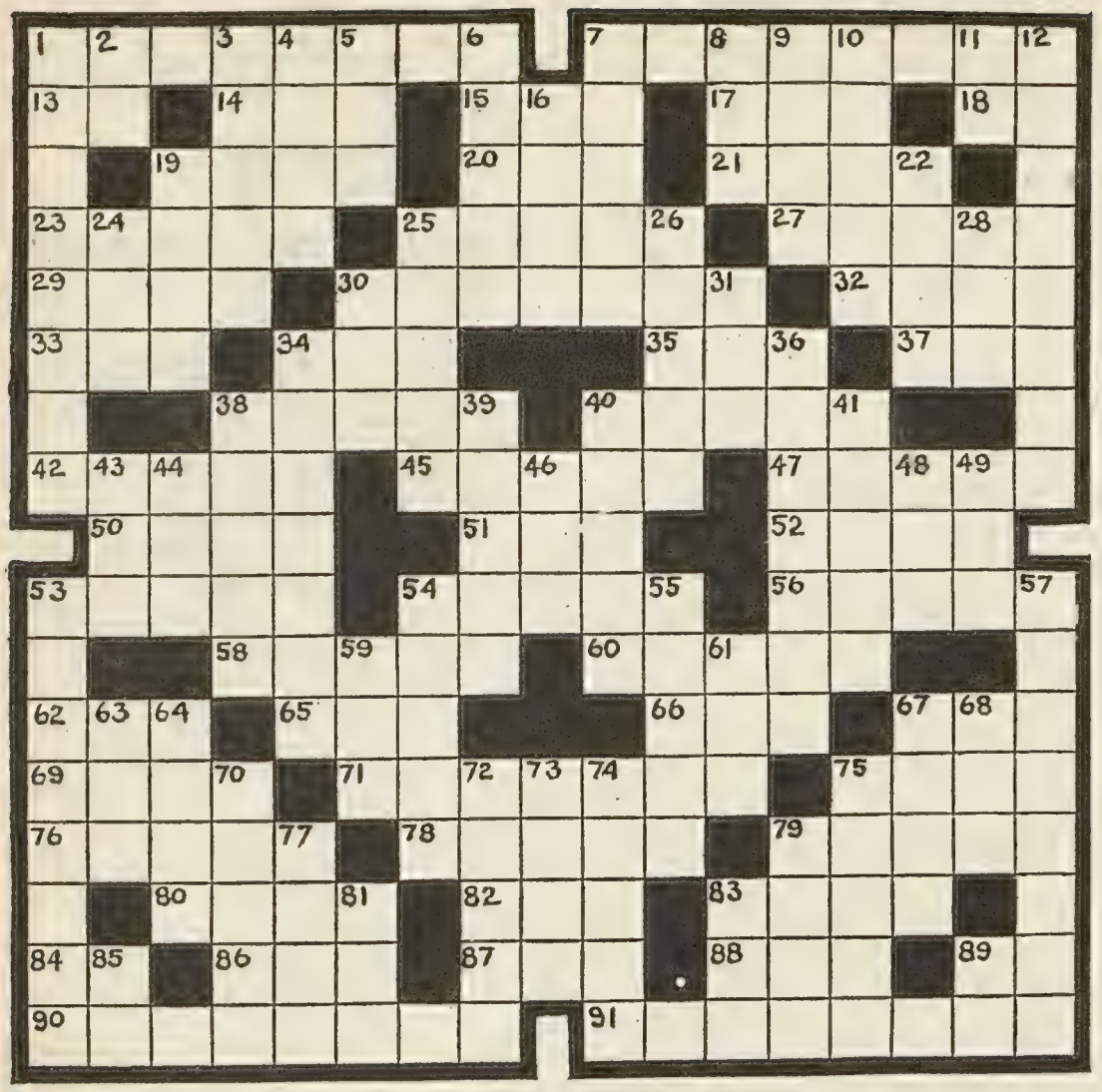
INSIST UPON KEMP'S BALSAM for that COUGH!

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle No. 63



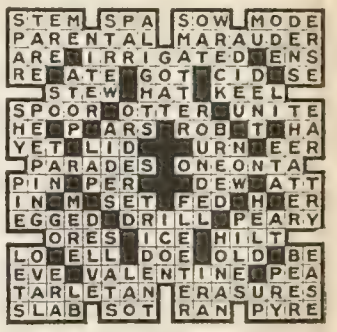
ALL the world loves a Horizontal 78, especially when the mocking laugh of Horizontal 75 sounds over the still northern lakes, and he and she are drifting in a canoe at very slow Vertical 6. Of course, we take for granted that in these springlike days you think of lakes and vacation time. Anyway, you have a fine start toward the solution. If you still can't get it, next week's issue will bring it to you.

HORIZONTAL

1 Legislators
7 Caused to be in equilibrium
13 Within
14 Inclosed space used as a receptacle for any commodity
15 The twenty-third letter of the Greek alphabet
17 A form of "to be"
18 A pronoun
19 A tree
20 Part of the head
21 Trappings
23 Avoid
25 Makes crooked
27 Any sphere of action
29 Discriminating
30 Proper reserve respecting one's own merit
32 Observed
33 A domestic animal
34 To carry on hostilities
35 A smart blow
37 Guided
38 Responsibilities
40 An amusement or diversion (plural)
42 Place which another had
45 A sailing vessel
47 A horse
50 An assemblage of animals
51 To bring forth young, as a sheep
52 A city in New York State
53 Jeopardy
54 A twilled woolen fabric
56 Relieves of tension
58 To set upon on all sides
60 A tale
63 A rank or file
65 To sup
66 A possessive pronoun
67 A mineral spring
69 Stepped
71 Chloride of mercury
75 A fish-eating diving bird
76 At no time
78 One having a great affection for someone
79 Rented
80 Famous boys' school in England
82 To fondle
83 A cardinal number
84 Egyptian sun god
86 An immeasurable period of time
87 Before
88 To piece out to a bare sufficiency
89 Either
90 Those things that give an initial impulse
91 Entitled to respect or honor

VERTICAL

1 Causes to be mute
2 A measure of type
3 To dwell
4 One of the prongs of a fork
5 A pronoun
6 Rate of motion
7 Feathered creatures
8 To fall behind
9 The superficial contents of a figure (geometry)
10 Approaches
11 Exclamation of inquiry
12 Called for peremptorily
16 Possessed of normal mentality
19 An agreement
22 To stagger
24 By way of
25 Penetrates, as with a drill
26 Narrow strip of some flexible material
28 Word used to introduce the maiden name of a matron
30 To disfigure
31 A kind of sweet potato
34 Walks like a duck
36 Annoys
38 An Indian found in Brazil and Guiana
39 Fine driving icy particles in the air
40 Bells
41 To wander
43 A definite article
44 The poetic form of ever
46 A propeller
48 The Greek goddess of dawn
49 To gaze intently
53 Associates
54 A leaf or division of the calyx
55 Substance widely used as an anaesthetic
57 A model of excellence
59 Word inserted to indicate a literal quotation
61 To lubricate
63 Native metal
64 Entwined into a fabric
67 A painful spot
68 An American author
70 To hinder
72 An easy bounding gait (plural)
73 In excess
74 A measure of length
75 Vessel belonging to a regular fleet
77 That from which anything proceeds by growth
79 A tramp or march
81 A point of the compass
83 The "Silver" State (abbr.)
85 By
89 Over and in contact



Answer to Puzzle No. 62

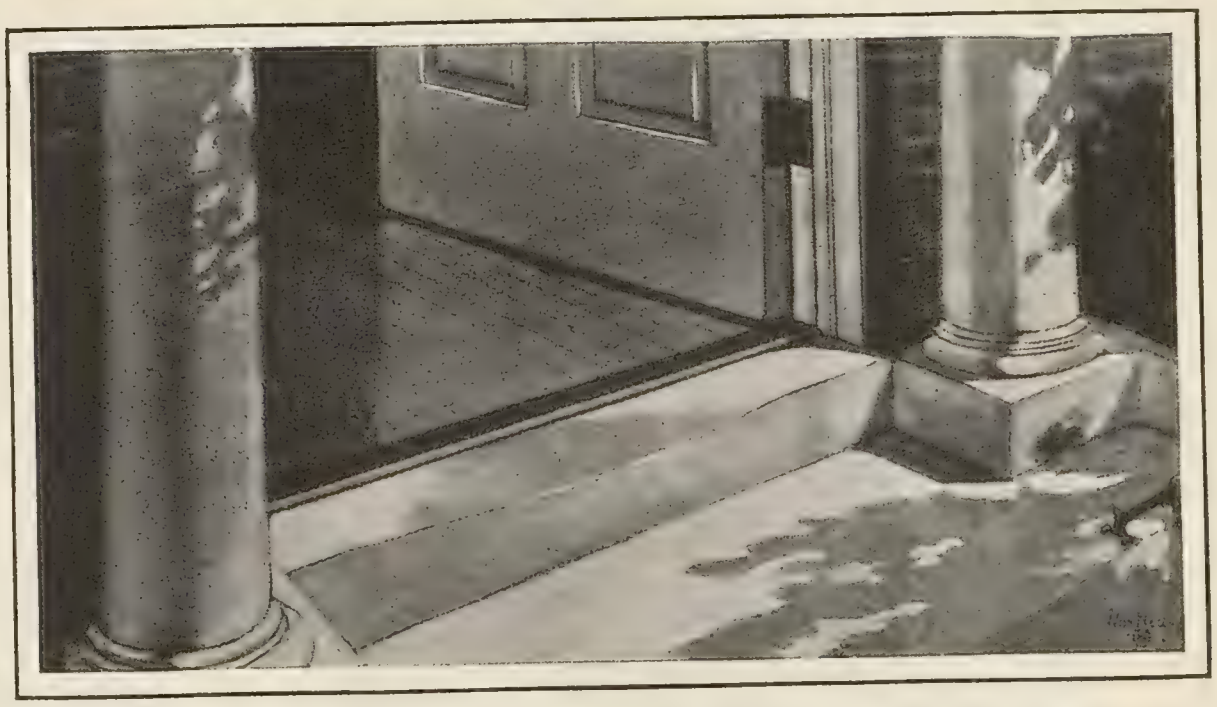
Why does MAPLE outwear stone?

On through the years, scuffing feet strike this sill of stone and this floor of wood. Each foot grinds away its fine toll of gritty dust from the stone in an unchanging friction. But friction only polishes Maple. This flooring, even when bare and unfinished, thus builds up its own resistance to wear.

The polish which Maple will take is shown in ball rooms—while the service of this hard-fibred, tight-grained flooring is demonstrated over and over again in stores and factories, offices, schools, railway stations and baggage rooms, flour mills and textile mills, and all the other structures where traffic is heaviest, or where cleanliness is essential.

Maple floors never splinter. They are free from grit. They are comfortable beneath the feet of workmen in factories or customers in stores. They continue to give service long after other floorings have worn away.

Closely akin to Maple in hardness are floors of Beech and Birch. And all three have beauty. They are finding increasing use in homes. When waxed or varnished, Maple has the airy charm of captive sunlight. Beech or Birch may be stained. Like Maple, they have a texture free from fibrous ridges, and through them color harmony in floors becomes a reality.



When you build or remodel, remember these climate-hardened, slow-growth flooring woods, from the northern forests. Their standard quality and accurate grade are identified by the trade-mark MFMA. Write to the Maple Flooring Service Bureau for the answers to specific questions, and for complete literature covering the wear, beauty and finish of Maple, Beech and Birch floors.

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The letters **MFMA** on Maple, Beech or Birch flooring signify that the flooring is standardized and guaranteed by the Maple Flooring Manufacturers Association, whose members must attain and maintain the highest standards of manufacture and adhere to manufacturing and grading rules which economically conserve every particle of these remarkable woods. This trade-mark is for your protection. Look for it on the flooring you buy.

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THE most beautiful Cone in America! With those mechanical niceties that insure finer tone and volume, this Tower Speaker virtually revolutionizes present day conceptions. The double-drive unit, the acoustically perfect non-warping Cone, the eight connections from unit to Cone, the free edge construction—these basic features establish Tower Supremacy.

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WLIB invites its listeners to make suggestions for improving radio programs. And Liberty will pay $10 to the writer of each letter printed.

Let us hear from you if you have a new idea to put forward.

$10 Apiece for These Letters

A SOUND NOTION

Dear Sir: Why not devote a few minutes each day or week explaining the proper operation of the different radio sets? I am sure instruction along these lines would help many of us to eliminate howling and squealing from our sets. I for one would welcome a little tuition, also talks on the fundamentals of radio. J. M. McMULLEN.

120 7th St., No., Breckenridge, Minn.

LADIES' DAY

Dear WLIB: We enjoy your programs down here in Georgia. Why not give us a special weekly matinee for the ladies? In most small towns we do not have matinee performances. We could invite a few friends in to enjoy the party and after the matinee serve refreshments. I feel sure we would all soon be looking forward to these entertainments and they would be fully appreciated.

MRS. B. H. HOLBROOK.

Royston, Ga.

INVESTING AND EARNING

Dear Editor: Why not let WLIB do its share toward stamping out the Bucket Shop menace by broadcasting short talks on the general principles of investment, particularly with regard to the average income?

Another way in which WLIB might be very helpful is in the matter of vocations and their selection. Speakers often go into the subject in general, but rarely is any explicit information offered about any one profession. By information I mean data as to the necessary training, means of getting it, salaries and opportunities for advancement, and the type of person most likely to succeed in any particular field. I believe both these suggestions would be practical and beneficial.

(MISS) MARGARET MACGONIGLE.

330 West 102nd Street, New York City.

WRITE TO Radio Editor, Liberty, P.O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Have You These Symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion?

DO you get excited easily? Do you become fatigued after slight exertion? Are your hands and feet cold? Do you suffer from constipation or stomach trouble? Is your sleep disturbed by troubled dreams? Have you spells of irritability—gloominess and pessimism? Do you suffer from heart palpitation, dizziness, cold sweats, ringing in the ears?

These are only a few of the signs of weak, unhealthy nerves that are steadily robbing thousands of people of their youth and health.

What Causes Sick Nerves

In women this is largely due to overactive emotions, and to the constant turmoil in their domestic and marital relations. In men, these symptoms are produced by worries, intense concentration, excesses, vices and the mad pace at which we are traveling.

Nerve Exhaustion does not come on suddenly. It is a gradual development that deceives scores of apparently healthy men and women. Yet all the time their nerves are in a constant state of upheaval, slowly undermining their entire Nervous Organism.

How to Strengthen Them

No tonic or magic system of exercises can restore vigorous health to weak, unbalanced nerves. To build up strong, sound nerves requires an understanding of the action and abuses of nerves. It needs a knowledge of the natural laws of nerve fatigue, of mental and physical relaxation and nerve metabolism. Only through the application of these laws can stubborn cases of Nerve Exhaustion be overcome.

Read This Book

Based upon many years of intensive experience and study, the famous Nerve Specialist, Richard Blackstone, has just written a remarkable book entitled "New Nerves for Old." In plain language he gives certain easy-to-follow rules that have enabled men and women to regain their lost nervous energy. It enables you to correctly diagnose your own case and shows you how to acquire glowing health and youthful vitality by simply strengthening your nerves.

"New Nerves for Old" is worth its weight in gold—and yet its cost is only 25 cents, stamps or coin. Get your copy today. Address: Richard Blackstone, 244 Flatiron Bldg., New York City.

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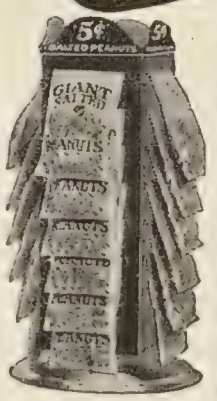

Scores of men making $5,000 a year and more. Eveready in big demand in confectionery, drug, grocery, cigar stores, waiting rooms, newsstands, hotels, cafeterias, restaurants, poolrooms, barber shops, soft drink parlors, etc.

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100% to 150% profit on every deal. $12 initial investment starts you—buys 12 Evereadys (with sales-attracting bell attachment, 25c each extra). Complete investment averages from $100-$200, depending on number of EVEREADYS put out. Profits quickly pay back your investment. Sell or lease EVEREADYS, then keep merchants supplied with stock (salted peanuts, candies, nut meats, etc.). Daily repeat orders. Our contract with big nut-meat specialty houses enables you to buy all your supplies wholesale—in separate bags or bulk.

WHOLE OR PART TIME—Volume steady business and big profits in short time. Nothing else like EVEREADY—automatic—easy refill—no hooks, clips or stickers. Hurry—ACT NOW—for exclusive rights in your community. DEALERS—If no "Eveready" distributor has called—remit $1.90. 10 days must prove claims or full refund.

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(References: Midland Bank, Cleveland)
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Davis photo.

Terry McGovern as an amateur.

"Terrible Terry" McGOVERN

The Story of a Prize-Ring Idol Who Could Whip Everybody But Himself

By SID SUTHERLAND

Davis photo.

"Terrible Terry" at training quarters with his handlers, Joe Humphries, Charlie Mayhood, Eddie Cain, and Kid Carter.

PART TWO

IMAGINE a runt of sixteen, weighing 110 pounds, tearing into a big truck driver and knocking him cold as a polar bear's nose! But then the runt was "Terrible Terry" McGovern, whose name, even after the lapse of twenty-five years, still connotes all the ferocity and glory of the prize ring.

Little Terry put over that punch in a Brooklyn lumber yard. The prize he won was the approval of his boss, Charlie Mayhood, but more than that, it started the lad off on a career so dazzling that he came to be hailed as the "champion of three classes," although some technicians accord him the crown in only one — the featherweight. Mayhood brought Terry to Dan Jackson, a veteran fighter who was running a boxing club for amateurs, and it wasn't long before the little demon went through the bantams like a hawk in a hen house. Soon he became the unbeatable entry in the interclub tournaments in the greater city.

Defiant rumbles from the Gowanus Canal section, Terry's stamping ground, soon reached the ears of professional fight promoters and he was thrust forward as a contender against the best they had in the way of bantams. Terry was more than willing. Fighting was his fodder.

Old Pop Kenny, Terry's stepfather, persuaded the boy's mother to let her son follow Nature's design and Destiny's beckoning finger. Pop, it may be, was influenced by the throngs that came to his saloon to discuss the prowess of the lad—and to buy beer.

And so it came to pass that on April 24, 1897, when he was a month past his seventeenth birthday, Terry McGovern met his first professional adversary. 'Twas in the Greenwood A. C.; and with Mayhood and his brother Hughey in his corner Terry glared across the ring at Frank Barnes, whom the promoters had selected as a worthy foeman for McGovern.

Now, the best amateur boxer who ever lived —and that goes for almost every other sport— cannot cope with even a second-rate professional.

Thus it was that Terry's string of some twenty amateur knockouts came to a momentary halt. Nevertheless, he began his career with a victory, for at the end of the tenth round the referee lifted Terry's wrist in token of triumph.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Manufacturers and Distributors Automotive Products

["TERRIBLE TERRY" McGOVERN]
Continued from Page Sixty-one

Nor was Barnes disposed to argue about the verdict.

Gowanus went wild: at last a genuinely great fighter was to represent the poverty-haunted, hard-toiling district in the world's arena.

The remainder of 1897 was a march of victory—eleven conquests and two draws. Fight clubs all over the East were offering him sums then unheard of for a beginner. Terry blossomed forth in a bewildering sartorial *ensemble*. With no background of taste and no environment of discrimination, the youngster proceeded to don at once all the items in all the categories set forth in the theater programs as appropriate for the well-dressed youth of that day.

And he became a breaker of hearts as well as a breaker of jaws. No dance was a success that Terry neglected to attend; no outing could be pronounced altogether the thing if young McGovern failed to show up and take swanking charge of it.

He was a good kid, neither drinking nor smoking. Nor was he quarrelsome with his fellows. One in a state of constant preparedness doesn't have to be!

BY the first of 1898, Terry had reached his full height—five feet four inches. He weighed 112 pounds in fighting array. And he was as fast and elusive as a humming bird. His legs tapered from slender flanks into such thinness of calf and ankle that it seemed they must snap before his enemies. But they never did! His stomach was a corrugated net of muscles that resembled his mother's washboard, and as hard.

It was in his shoulders that his extraordinary knockout wallop lay hidden—wide, thick, and sloping. The sloping shoulder, not the square one, is the source of lethal punching power. His arms were sinewy cords, but always quite thin; his neck was long and very thick.

Atop his frame was a small, round, bullet head. Wide across the brow, the intelligence promised there was repudiated by the heavy frontal measure, the wide cheekbones and the protruding lower jaw. His hair was thick, light brown, worn long and parted in the middle.

His eyes were arresting. Dull enough outside his professional enterprises, they became flaming gray pin-points when the tocsin of battle called. They were terrifying at any time, set so close together in his face that an index finger placed along the nose ridge would cover both inner corners!

By June, 1898, Terry's fame had become national. And on the eleventh day of that month and the day following, two events of supreme significance in his life took place.

Terry's most bitter fight up to this time had been staged in a Yonkers ring on May 5. A promising bantamweight, George Munroe, held him to a twenty-round draw. This was unusual, and there was a loud outcry for a return match, led by Terry himself. It was put on at the Coney Island A. C. the night of June 11.

AFTER a cruel struggle in which McGovern was pretty badly mauled, he won in the twenty-fourth round with a knockout. Seated in Munroe's corner, his face white and haggard, was the loser's manager, a young Jew, who worked in a small laundry. His name was Sam H. Harris. At that time he was twenty-six years old.

As he watched the wisp of an Irishman who was punching his meal ticket to tatters, Harris sat with half-shut eyes and thoughtful mien. After he had carried his beaten protege away he resolved to make the acquaintance of the boxer who, he foresaw, was destined to scale the heights.

That night in Pop Kenny's bar Terry made the final payment on a saloon he was buying at 625 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn.

And the next day, Terry met the girl who was to become his wife—and his widow.

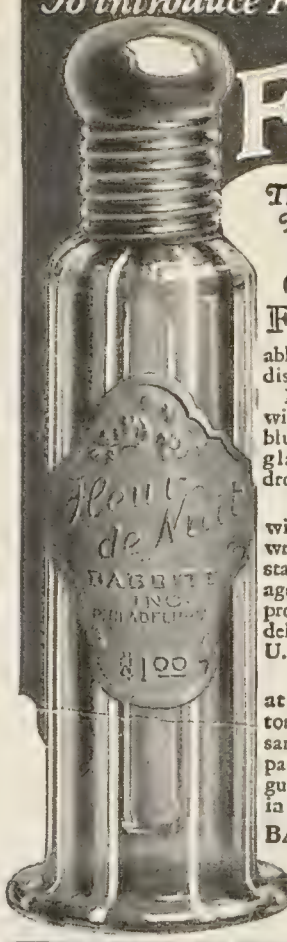
On June 12, 1898, the Gowanus Hook and Ladder Association gave its annual picnic in Ambrose Park, South Brooklyn. Terry, who had knocked out George Munroe the night before in the twenty-fourth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

P. & A. Photo.

"Terry the Swell" along Broadway and at the track.

To introduce "Fleur de Nuit" FREE



This imported Dresser Bottle, crystal clear and sapphire blue
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FILLED with Fleur de Nuit Perfume, the new, fashionable odor — exotic, charming, distinctive.

Bottle is of crystal clear glass with vertical stripes of sapphire blue; gold-finished cap; ground-glass stopper and special dropper; regular price $1.00.

Send us this advt. with name and address plainly written, and 25 cents (silver or stamps) to cover packing, postage, etc., and we will send promptly, prepaid, with safe delivery guaranteed. (Outside U.S.A. add 10 cents extra.)

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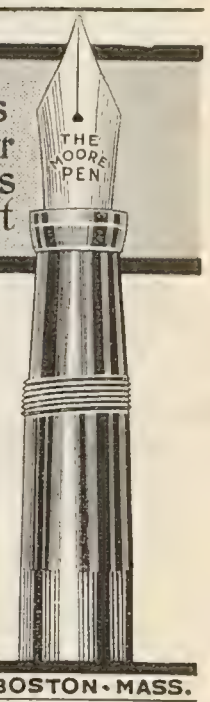

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Remember the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma pinned around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?
It worked, but my how it burned and blistered!
Musterole breaks up colds and does its work more gently—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest, it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.
Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.
Keep Musterole handy and use at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.
To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.
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Takes Out Blots and stains

The Kind that will Remove OLD Writing and Blots
SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD

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and inflammations quickly yield to
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

round, was on hand with his crowd in the first hacks that reached the scene. His new pin-check, box-shoulder suit was startling, and his fancy straw hat was jubilantly atilt.

All day long Terry was the middle of a maelstrom of femininity aflutter and males obsequious. That he had quarreled with his sweetheart, Nellie Foy, in nowise detracted from the enjoyment he was extracting from the affair.

Following a heavy evening meal on the tables under the trees, a feast in which kegs of beer furnished by Pop Kenny and Terry's own saloon played a magnetic role, dancing began in the pavilion.

As Terry leaned against the end of the bar, he saw across the floor a beautiful girl talking to Harry Fisher, a well known middleweight boxer of the day. She was watching the Pride of Gowanus.

The little champion as he looked on the stage.

"Who's the skirt?" Terry asked a satellite, nodding toward her.

"That's Grace Smalley. Easy on the eyes, ain't she?"

AT the same time Grace murmured to her escort:

"Oh, Harry, here comes Terry McGovern. He's terrible rough with the girls. Don't let him dance with me."

Terry strolled up to them.

"Gimme a knock-down to your little friend," he said, nodding to Fisher. The latter glared.

"I'll lean one on your kisser," he growled.

Terry laughed and glanced at several of his gang. As they sauntered forward, Fisher changed his mind. He introduced Terry.

"Beat it, yuh big bum," was Terry's thanks as he offered his arm to Grace. They went to a near-by table and sat down. Then they gazed at each other. She was a tiny thing—ninety pounds.

"You're all right, kid," said Terry presently. "Tell me about yourself; you know all about me."

GRACE told him. She was keeping house for her father and twelve brothers, her mother having died two years before. She admitted she would be twenty years old on September 7, thus making her eighteen months Terry's senior. Also, she explained that her father wasn't passionately fond of prize fighters.

"How come you're going with Fisher, then?" Terry demanded.

"Oh, he's going to quit before long," she said.

"Humph! That big stiff's been quitting ever since he started. Now listen, Grace. From now on you train with me, see? I saw you trying to duck me a while ago. I'll come for you Saturday night for the Bartenders' Association dance. You let me worry 'bout your old man. Come on; we'll dance."

Terry's courtship, interrupted by three fights—one of them another victory over Sam Harris's bantamweight—was conducted along the same general lines as his glove battles. He laughed at the girl's efforts to avoid him; scolded her for standing him up the night of the bartenders' shindig; mocked at her pleadings that he return to her friend, Nellie Foy; and finally swept her off her tiny feet.

On September 11, 1898, they eloped two blocks—from her house to St. John's Catholic Church on Twenty-first Street, near the docks, and were married by Father John Callahan. Their honeymoon was a trip to Coney Island that night! At dawn they returned to their first home, four rooms Terry had furnished above his saloon at 625 Fifth Avenue.

One thing is sure: Grace Smalley made a good wife for the wild McGovern, and their twenty years together were none the less happy and faithful because they quarreled violently at times and even staged a few rough-and-tumble scraps that amused the country.

Before the first of October, two important things transpired. First, old man Smalley, distressed by the absence of his daughter and haunted by recollections of the succulent corned beef and cabbage she had fed him, came contritely around and was received by Terry with a shout of joy. Only death broke up their friendship.

Second, Terry obtained a new

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A digestive aid that permits the stomach to digest!

IT is easy to get momentary relief from the distress caused by a too-rich dinner or a late rarebit. There are two ways to do it.

Many people take bicarbonate of soda or some preparation containing it. But alkalies of this class, unless the dosage is exactly correct, leave in the stomach an alkaline residue which interferes with normal digestion.

Gastrogen Tablets work quite differently

There is a second and a better way. Gastrogen Tablets correct acidity, but there they stop. In a few minutes after taking, your stomach will be normal—"in neutral" as it were, free from the alkalies which prevent the process of digestion.

And in a few minutes, nature restores the proper balance of acidity (1/5 of one percent). With Gastrogen, digestion goes on!

So if you are ever troubled with digestive distress, you will find Gastrogen Tablets the best way to secure relief. Your indigestion will vanish, and no matter how many you may eat, they can leave no bad after-effects.

Gastrogen Tablets are mild, pleasant, safe and effective. They combat digestive disturbances without retarding digestion. They purify the breath and they are very prompt in the relief they give.

Your druggist has them in handy pocket tins of 15 tablets for 20c; also in cabinet-size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c. If you want to try them before you buy them, send the coupon for free introductory packet of 6 tablets.

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Without charge or obligation on my part, send me your special introductory packet of 6 Gastrogen Tablets.
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Two nourishing foods in this delicious drink!

Pure milk and pure yeast—two remarkably fine foods—are now both available in scientific form in Yeast Foam Malted Milk. The yeast which is *grown* in the product is an integral part of the milk.

Healthful and good as you know malted milk is, it now becomes (through the presence of the yeast) much more healthful, much more easily digestible, and in addition, it has a taste and flavor that you'll find absolutely delicious.

Try this splendid beverage at your soda fountain or, better still, take a bottle home with our guarantee that it's the finest drink you ever tasted!

P. S. If your druggist hasn't the bottle for home use, see coupon below.

"I drink Yeast Foam Malted Milk regularly and with great benefit; it is my favorite beverage." (Signed)
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My druggist does not have the home package of Yeast Foam Malted Milk in stock, so I enclose 50c for large Introductory Bottle.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

410

["TERRIBLE TERRY" McGOVERN Continued from Page Sixty-three]

manager. It is a fine tribute I hasten to interpolate here to Charlie Mayhood's affection, that he unselfishly stepped aside to let a more capable counselor conduct the affairs of the little fighter he himself was no longer qualified to handle in the big league boxing world.

So, after a long conference in his saloon, Terry signed a contract with Sam Harris. How they split their purses has never been disclosed, and is of minor importance. Whatever Harris got out of their association—and in it he laid the foundation of his present fortune—he deserved it, for he was the one man who understood McGovern and could handle him; and he was a genius in the art of so matching his man that if any interests were left unprotected they were not Terry's. And he learned to feel real friendship for the lad he was with so many years, an esteem that will be described in later chapters of this chronicle.

TERRY insisted that Charlie Mayhood be retained as his trainer. To this Harris consented.

After signing the contract, Harris ran back to his laundry, sold his share in it to the owner, and having thus burned his bridges behind him hurried to Terry's flat to celebrate. He and Grace instantly became friends, and Sam bought plenty of champagne that night. He was overjoyed to see that Terry wouldn't drink anything at the party.

The next day the combination of the astute Jew manager and the great Irish fighter was put into gear and began running smoothly toward the royal road to championships.

"Terry," said Sam one day, "Jimmy Barry of Chicago is the bantamweight boss just now. You've a cinch to brush him off. He isn't going so good, and he'll quit when I start a public demand that he meet us. Meantime, I'll sign up with Eugene Garcia, Tim Callahan, Harry Forbes, and Austin Rice. They're the leading contenders; and when we whip them Barry'll have to come in or get out."

"Let's go!" said Terry, which is far different from the modern orthodox way of boxers whose first question is "How much?"

They went. And, sure enough, on New Year's Day, 1899, Jimmy Barry announced his retirement. He was never defeated; but an idea of what might have happened to him had he met Terry is found in the following:

Casper Leon held Barry to three draws, one of six rounds and two of twenty. Sammy Kelly fought him a twenty-round draw. And Billy Rotchford held the Chicagoan to a six-round dead heat.

McGovern stopped Leon in twelve rounds, Sammy Kelly in five, and Rotchford in one.

Meanwhile, Terry did his matchless stuff against the lads Sam had named, and a few others. He knocked out Callahan twice, and stopped Garcia, Rice and Harry Forbes. Forbes made the best showing, carrying the Gowanus idol along for fourteen rounds of historic fighting; but in that round he, like the others, succumbed to the devastating force that "Terrible Terry" embodied.

The minute Barry abdicated, Harris set up a loud outcry that

Batterson Photo.

Grace Smalley McGovern as she looked on the day she eloped with the champion.

Terry, if he could not be accepted as the flyweight king, a weight and scepter he could easily have handled, at least he should be recognized as the bantamweight champion. He was; though in some authoritative quarters it was suggested that Casper Leon had a good claim. That suited McGovern, and Harris arranged the match.

They put it on in the Greenwood A. C., where Terry had thrilled the fans in the old amateur tournaments. Of course, the place was jammed the night of January 30, 1899, and "Circular Joe" Vendig, Brooklyn's heaviest plunger, strode about the ring with his hands full of banknotes to bet on Terry.

Owen Zeigler, the famous lightweight, was the third man, and Charlie White, the leading New York referee, was Casper's manager and chief second. In the twelfth round, amid a bedlam that drowned his voice, Zeigler stood above the unconscious Leon and swung his arm ten times in signal of defeat.

Terry and his wife moved to larger quarters above his new establishment at Third Avenue and Seventeenth Street in June, 1899, and on July 5 a son was born to them. They named him Joseph Terence, Junior. He is now twenty-seven years old; married to Marie McGovern, his first cousin; and works for George Boyer, a candy manufacturer at 125 Greenwich Avenue, New York City. He is a replica of his famous sire, but never essayed to box.

Following his victory over Casper Leon, Harris kept his boxer busy. Patsy Haley, now an official referee in New York, and Joe Bernstein furnished the most stubborn opposition, but they also were added to Terry's incomparable list of victims. Haley stopped one with his chin in the eighteenth round; and Bernstein lost a decision in twenty-five rounds, the only man ever to take Terry that far.

AFTER the win over Sammy Kelly, Terry and his wife and his manager went to Henderson's Bowery restaurant to celebrate. One "Spike" Sullivan and three of his gang, all partisans of Kelly, passed the McGovern table. As they blustered through, "Spike" sneered: "Terry McGovern—a Gowanus bum stallin' as champion—w-a-a-ah!"

Terry's eyes blazed. He leaped to his feet, swung once and "Spike" went bye-bye with the sandman; swung again, and again, and once more, and the bouncer had nothing to do but drag the sleeping thugs outside. Five knockouts in one night!

Then came one of the first of those international boxing matches that seem to capture the public fancy even more than far better contests between domestic products. From the other side of the Atlantic there arose a clamor for a bout between the Brooklyn terror and Pedlar Palmer, the English bantamweight who had whipped Billy Plimmer, Digger Stanley, Billy Rotchford, and George Dixon.

The best offer came from Bill Gray who ran the Tuckahoe Athletic Cub. Harris agreed for Terry, and Dr. A. P. (Doc) Ordway acted for the National Sporting Club of London, which was sponsoring the match. Ordway previously had won plaudits for putting up part of the purse for the John L. Sullivan-Paddy Ryan battle.

It is safe to say that no international prize-ring battle in history was so full of sensational features as the one between Terry McGovern and Pedlar Palmer. The story of this fight in all its absorbing details will be told in Liberty next week.

A Sweet Present for your Sweetheart

She will be quick to appreciate the double value in this Curtiss **Baby Ruth Keepsake Cedar Chest**—over three pounds of the most delicious candy you ever tasted, daintily packed in the prettiest genuine red Tennessee Cedar Chest you ever laid your eyes upon.

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Baby Ruth
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Do You Like to Wear A BADGE?

By Paul Kinkead

Picture by LESLIE THRASHER

How an Urge for Personal Adornment Seems to Grip Us All

THE grand marshal feels that he is a man apart.

WHEN I was a boy there was one figure in the life of our town who impressed himself indelibly upon my memory. At every fair held in our county for scores of years he rode grandly down the track mounted usually upon a pinto horse, while draped over his shoulder and across his body was a sash ten inches wide tied over one hip and floating gorgeously behind him. His name was Frank.

In front of the crowded grandstand he would make his horse prance to the music of the Highland County Silver Cornet Band, then wheeling it grandly would bellow:

"Brrr-ing o-o-on your-r-r three-minute trotters."

The remainder of the year he was a sedate, quietly dressed real estate and grain merchant, a deacon in the church, and a pillar of society. He always, however, played Santa Claus at Christmastime, and acted as grand marshal of the Fourth of July parade and the Memorial Day parade. He was a member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks, Moose, Knights of Pythias, Modern Woodmen, Sons of Light, and several other orders.

Freud gives no very clear explanation of the complex which causes so many human beings to desire badges, yet from the Kaiser down to Frank the desire exists and manifests itself in various forms.

All of us smile a little pityingly at a man dressed as neither Solomon, the lilies of the field, nor a trained monkey ever were, strutting and goose-stepping in front of a brass band, swinging a baton. Yet that man is merely an illustration of a universal desire.

The man who wears his lodge pin prominently displayed will tell you he does it so that his "brother" may recognize him as a fellow member; the man who pins a fire badge on his coat and bursts through the fire lines will assure you he is a fire fan and wants to help, or that he is needed, or that duty calls.

The man who is grand marshal at a political rally, a county fair, or a St. Patrick's Day parade will assure you he assumes his office through a sense of duty. The pallbearers at public funerals will sigh and say it is a sad duty, while members of the committee to welcome some distinguished visitor may disclose they are sacrificing themselves to civic duty.

The fact is the fraternity or lodge man wears his pin because he thinks it adds importance to him; the fire fan breaks through the lines to impress the people who are held back; the grand marshal feels he is a man apart from his fellow men, and the committeeman feels elevated over his fellows.

The wearing of badges, emblems, and sashes is an outward display of two universal instincts, both having the same end, one consciously, the other unconsciously. It is the love of personal adornment and the desire to impress others with one's importance, the basic instinct of which is the inborn desire to be set apart from others.

Without such instinct we could not have public speakers, bandmasters, kings, emperors, jugglers, cheer leaders, clowns, after-dinner speakers, fire chiefs, actors, prize-fighting champions, poets, Babe Ruths, interpretive dancers, great generals, or even Presidents.

THE END

Liberty's Patriotic Game of States

$25,000 in Prizes

Fun and Education for the Whole Family

THIS wonderful contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl. It does not matter who you are or where you live. Every member of the family can enter.

Look at the big list of prizes and then go after them. It costs nothing and it's easy.

All you have to do is to examine the outline maps carefully and guess the names of the States they represent. Under each map are printed interesting facts of geography, industry, and history to help you solve the puzzle. You will learn important facts about the United States while playing a fascinating game for large prizes.

Be sure to read the rules carefully. They will tell you what to do. Another set of maps will be printed in Liberty next week.

In this State, reaching from Lake Michigan to the Ohio River, is located the nation's center of population. The steel industry leads all others. It was part of the territory taken from the British by George Rogers Clark.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 3

The Star Spangled Banner was written by a prisoner aboard a British ship in the bay that almost cuts this State in two. An English king who later lost his head gave this territory to one of his lords in 1632.

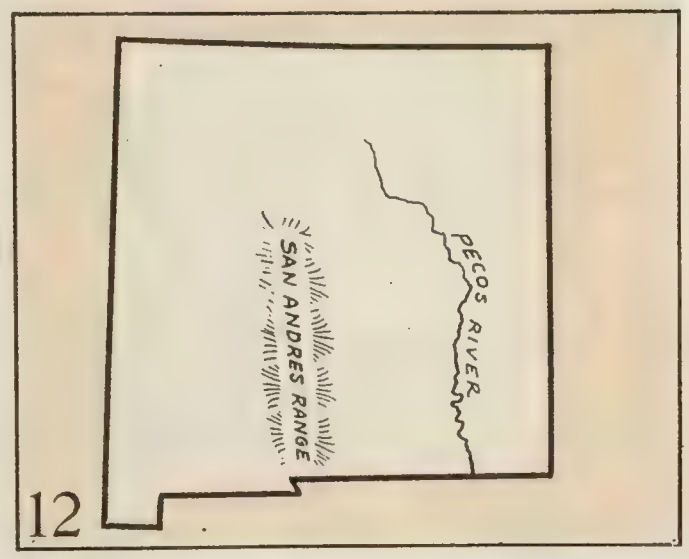
Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 3

Two-thirds of American-made automobiles are produced in this State. It borders on four of the Great Lakes. The first white explorers were French missionaries and fur traders who entered this territory as early as 1610.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 3



The Continental Divide crosses this State. It is famous for its Pueblo Indian villages. The second oldest city of the Union lies within its borders—a city founded by Spaniards between 1604 and 1608.

Name of State.....
(Write Name of State Here)

Name of Capital.....
(Write Name of Capital Here) SET NO. 3

To Teachers

ONE of the most important purposes of this contest, aside from its endeavor to win more friends for Liberty, is to increase the knowledge of American Geography and History among the people, young and old.

We want especially to interest children in this educational game, and to inspire them to consult with their parents and their teachers.

Therefore, to each of the ten teachers whose pupils rank highest in this contest, we will award a special prize of $250 each, a total of $2,500. This applies to pupils in public, private, and parochial schools. So when a child enters the contest, he is advised to state the name of his school, the name of his teacher, and his grade.

RULES

1 Every week for 12 consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline Maps of four different States of the United States, a total of 48 Maps—one for each of the 48 States.

2 The public is invited to cut out these Maps, fill in the name of the State each represents and the name of the Capital. Liberty will pay $25,000 to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of the 48 State Maps in accordance with these rules.

3 This offer is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4 You pay nothing. Just prove your skill. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count.

5 Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all Maps until you have the complete set of 48. Then send them to "States," Liberty, Post Office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All Maps must be in by midnight 21 days after the last Map has been published. No entries will be returned.

6 Each entry must be sent by first class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. At the end of the contest, we want you to tell us your favorite State, the one you want for your home. Contestants may send in as many sets of Maps as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7 You need not purchase Liberty to compete. You may copy or trace the Maps from the originals and use the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at Public Libraries free of charge.

8 The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

PRIZES

1st Prize	$5,000
2nd Prize	1,000
3rd Prize	500
4th Prize	250
5th Prize	200
Next 80 Prizes at $25	2,000
Next 1355 Prizes at $10	13,550
10 Prizes to teachers at $250	2,500
1450 Prizes, totaling	$25,000

ANOTHER SET OF MAPS
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE OF
Liberty

Compulsory Religion

P. & A. Photo.

Battell Chapel at Yale

By

Carlos F. Stoddard, Jr.

Yale '26

Former Editor of the Yale *News*

COLLEGE students are struggling with increased intensity against forced attendance at religious services. There is but one way to understand this discontent. That is to face the facts.

To instill religion, a sympathetic, devout atmosphere is necessary. Now, anybody who has been to compulsory college service at about eight in the morning knows painfully well just how sympathetic the atmosphere is. And the larger the college the more ungodly this atmosphere.

Instead of learning to love religion, the average student gets a deep distaste, mistaken, but none the less real, for any religious service. Bishop Brewster of Connecticut, himself a Yale man, understands this. Here is his comment: "The true interests of wholesome religion suffer, I fear, from anything like compulsion. It does not tend to lead men to worship in spirit and in truth."

What about the services from the point of view of religious teaching? If they were a course involving an examination, then certainly the disconnected bits of reading to which the alleged listeners are subjected would bring about some parrot knowledge. But it would be an abysmally ridiculous course in snatches at random from a great book.

It is a plain fact that nine-tenths of those who attend services could not remember so much as the subject of the morning lesson ten minutes after the last "Amen" has been drowned in a rush for the doors. Instruction? It simply does not exist.

The anti-compulsion movement is not aimed at Authority indiscriminately. Nor is the chapel scuffle just a phase of an objection to compulsion of any sort.

A certain portion of any student body is devoutly religious. There is an even greater number deeply interested — anxious to reap all possible benefit from the college services. But the spirit of an unwilling mob of students, whose only concern is that they escape as soon as possible, destroys the religious atmosphere as completely as a barrage wrecks a cathedral. The would-be worshipers are fighting uphill, and everybody knows it.

YALE undergraduates are in rebellion against compulsory chapel attendance. The alumni groups are divided, the majority favoring the abolition of enforced attendance upon religious services. The faculty has refused to yield.

Harvard and Princeton have faced the same problem; Harvard abolishing compulsory chapel; Princeton requiring attendance. Now, in the midst of Yale's controversy, Harvard has thrown support to the Yale insurgents and against compulsory chapel.

The Harvard *Crimson*, the undergraduate organ of the Cambridge school, while the Yale controversy was at its hottest, issued a special Yale edition, rushed it to New Haven, to aid the Yale *News* in its fight.

In that edition the feature article was by Lucius Beebe, a former Yale student who, after a stormy career at New Haven, where his writings aroused debate, went to Harvard. Beebe ridiculed Yale's compulsory chapel as unhappy buffoonery and a travesty on religious service. He charged that the Yale Corporation probably would grant the undergraduate demand for abolishment of compulsory chapel were it not for the fact it is about to start a twenty-million-dollar endowment-fund drive and might lose contributors. The following article may serve to clear the atmosphere.

Harvard is emancipated. When the students presented their petition for freedom, the renowned Phillips Brooks at first opposed it. But, reconsidering, he came out in favor of the change. He declared he would never again enter the pulpit before an audience whose attendance was forced.

Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard wrote: "Drop in at chapel on any Sunday morning

in Our COLLEGES

Why Modern Youth Rebels Against Enforced Chapel Services

when Dean Brown of Yale or Harry Emerson Fosdick is going to preach. You will find it crowded with boys—there because they *want* to be. Dean Brown tells me he would rather preach at Harvard than anywhere else, because he knows that here he has a voluntary audience."

But in spite of this expression of preference, Dean Brown has so far remained adamant in favor of compulsion at Yale.

It comes down to this. College chapel services are a hand-me-down from the days when the group was so small that the service was a sort of family prayers. A ceremony that was small, quiet, dignified, is now nothing more than ten minutes' boredom, thrust upon a hurried motley crew of well over a thousand.

To be sure, colleges drew their first breaths in an atmosphere of compulsion. But compulsion was the order of the day. A hundred and fifty years ago it no more occurred to undergraduates to protest against required chapel than it did to protest against having to break the ice in their pitchers in order to wash in the morning.

THE President and Fellows of Yale College, for example, were at one time all clergymen, and most of the students entered the ministry. The "compelled" then naturally took chapel as a matter of course.

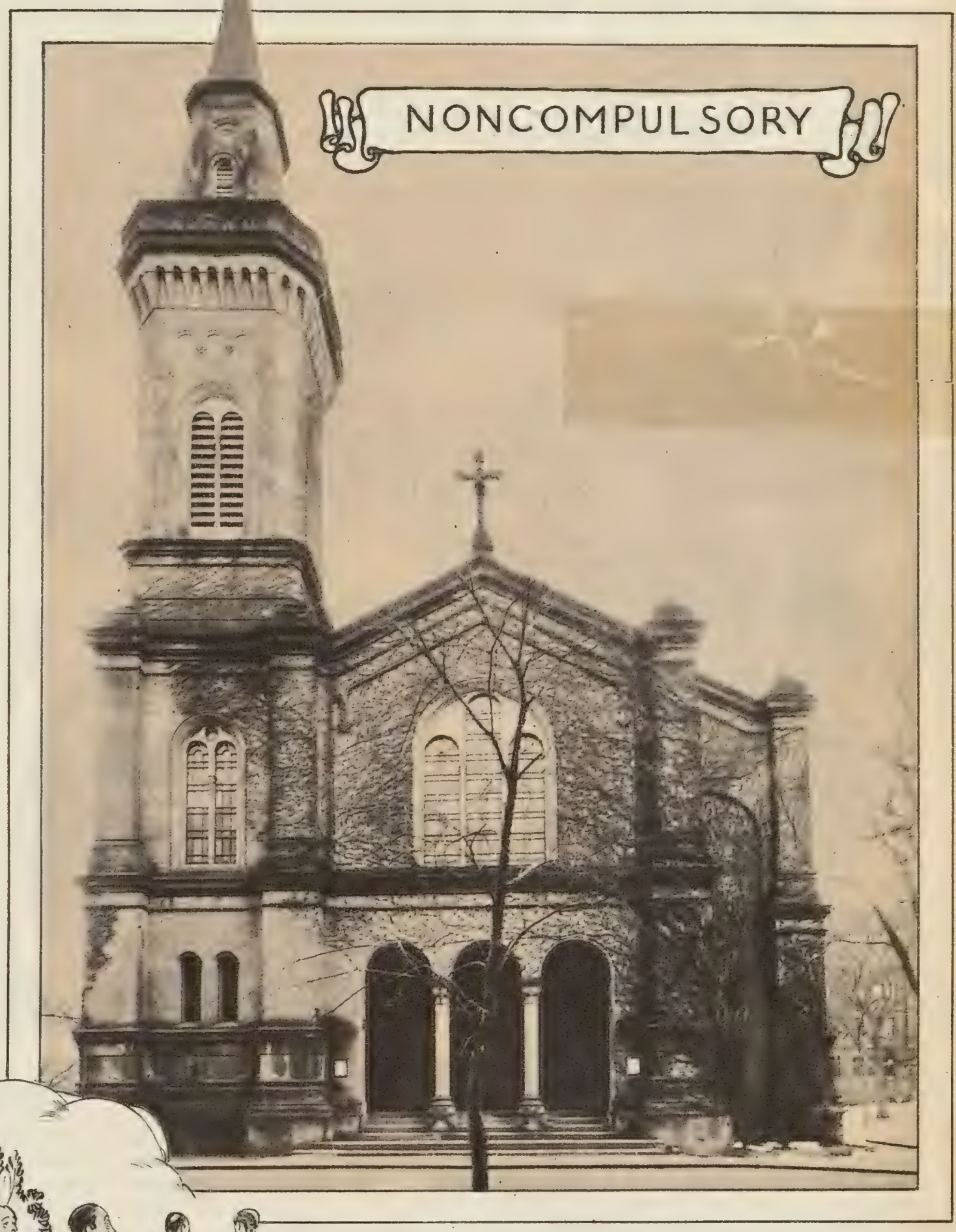
In 1743 David Brainerd, called "a sweet child of God," was expelled from Yale. This was his offense: On one occasion, "when Tutor Whittelsey had been unusually pathetic in his prayer, Brainerd tarried with two or three of his friends in the college hall and said: 'He has no more grace than this chair!'" This was overheard, and David was ejected.

But stranger than this was the expulsion, from Yale, of the Cleaveland brothers, three years later. John and Ebenezer committed the unpardonable offense of going, together with their parents, to a religious meeting in a private house, led by a layman!

In any organized community the authorities feel obliged consistently to reject innovations the value of which they may fully understand. Why? Because they cannot get their citizens or their community together and show them the light.

Now the "citizens" in the case of colleges are absentees of varying degrees of influence. They are the alumni, and often the corporations. No one ever really knows what the alumni think on the question of chapel, because they are so very, very absentee. Curiously enough the most conservative—who are also the most sentimental—are the loudest talkers. The specter of this great vague body has bolstered many a faculty in its hesitancy to change the old order.

But the change must come. It is actually on the way. Dartmouth has won. Princeton is partially victorious, for daily services are no longer compulsory and students are required to attend only Sunday services and are allowed to cut these one-half the time. Amherst has been temporarily repulsed by a corporation which frowned upon what it evidently felt was presumption on the part of the undergraduates. At Yale the situation is delicate, but the outlook is promising.



Appleton Chapel at Harvard

Turning to the women's colleges, we find that Smith has no compulsion in the matter of chapel, nor has Wellesley—believing it to be against the true spirit of religion. Vassar has lost. In February, the trustees voted to keep compulsory chapel in force. And this in the face of a questionnaire which brought to light the fact that five hundred students were against it to sixty-four favoring it.

In general, people are coming to see that it is not a question of irreligion versus religion but true religion versus an unwise compulsion. Since the intelligence of college authorities eventually outweighs their prejudices, why not now?

THE END

A PAGE ABOUT THE MOVIES

LIGHTS! *ACTION!* CAMERA!

BY ALVA TAYLOR

LA BOHEME

Directed by King Vidor — A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Mimi.....*Lillian Gish*
Rodolphe.....*John Gilbert*
Musette.....*Renee Adoree*
Schaunard.....*George Hassell*
Vicomte Paul.....*Roy D'Arcy*

LA BOHEME is a picture that will undoubtedly give you a pleasure, unless you should happen to be so inhuman as not to like Miss Lillian Gish. The reasons that you will enjoy the movie La Boheme are not that the story pulses with original theme or that any forward strides in the technique of the cinema art have been made. Rather will you sit back and drink in the beauty of the photography, the exquisiteness of Lillian Gish, the flawless direction of King Vidor, the excellent performance of John Gilbert.

Lillian Gish

You will overlook the moments in the picture when events seem to drag a little. For in these scenes the wistful little lady, Lillian, with her mobile, beautiful face will keep your interest centered on a story that has little to offer by itself.

When you go to this picture you must forget the fact that there is an opera based on the same story. This picture has little in common with Puccini's work. There is one subtitle, Your Little Hands Are Cold, which is the cue for the orchestra to burst into a melody written by William Axt, on the same order as the Puccini melody. Otherwise the movie goes its own pictorial way, dwelling upon those incidents in the story of Mimi and Rodolphe, suggested by Henry Murger's Life in the Latin Quarter, which most readily adapt themselves to movie treatment.

The carefree, hand-to-mouth existence of the Parisian Bohemians is pictured with a deft megaphone. Pictorially nothing could be more delightful and graceful than the picnic upon Easter morning. The happy spirit of "what is mine is thine," which may or may not be true of these Bohemian artists, pervades the story, and makes a cheerful picture out of incidents that would otherwise be unhappy and at times sordid.

John Gilbert

I warn you here and now: There is not a happy ending. And so if you are one of those movie goers who will not put up with a picture in which at the final close-up there is not a kiss and a "they lived happily ever after" thought, you'd better stay away from La Boheme. But if you realize that happy endings cannot always be art in the cinema, you will be quite satisfied that Mimi, after sacrificing her health for her Rodolphe, is fated to die, a victim of consumption.

The performance of Miss Gish is artistic throughout. I liked her better in this picture than in any I have seen for some time.

TORRENT

Directed by Monta Bell — A Metro-Goldwyn Picture

THE CAST:

Don Rafael Brull.....*Ricardo Cortez*
Leonora.....*Greta Garbo*
Remedios.....*Gertrude Olmsted*
Pedro Moreno.....*Edward Connelly*
Dona Bernarda Brull.....*Martha Mattox*

BLASCO IBANEZ is letting the movies become quite a habit with him. Upon the heels of the picturized Mare Nostrum follows another of his novels, Torrent, made into a movie with considerable entertainment value in spite of the fact that it is not the best movie material.

Torrent is a well directed picture, which is a triumph for Monta Bell, for such a novel is a difficult one to put successfully upon the screen. He had an excellent cast to work with, including a newcomer to the American screen, Greta Garbo, a Swedish charmer who has made a big name for herself in Europe and will certainly do the same here, for her talent and her beauty are superb.

Ricardo Cortez and Greta Garbo

She plays Leonora, a young Spanish girl who becomes a great opera singer, with the world at her feet. But she never gets the thing she wants most—Don Rafael as husband.

Don Rafael, played by Ricardo Cortez, wants to marry Leonora, even before she has deserted poverty for fame, but his mother has other ideas for him, and since he is the kind of young man who does what his mother wishes instead of what he feels is for his own happiness, he marries Remedios (Gertrude Olmsted) and settles down to peaceful married life without romance.

When a number of years have passed since Rafael had not the courage to elope with the woman he loves, he calls upon the great prima donna in her dressing-room at the opera house, bringing with him orange blossoms, the flower of their young romance. Leonora looks young and beautiful as she has always looked. When the lover of her romantic days is announced she waits in fluttering anticipation. But it is a middle-aged, unromantic figure that enters the room. He wears glasses, he is a husband, he is several times a father. Romance is dead, and there is no close-up of the kiss of lovers.

SEA HORSES

Directed by Allan Dwan — A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

George Glanville.....*Jack Holt*
Helen Salvia.....*Florence Vidor*
Lorenzo Salvia.....*William Powell*
Cochran.....*George Bancroft*
Bimbo-Bomba.....*Mack Swain*

SEA HORSES is an interesting, sometimes amusing, sometimes exciting story of life on the ocean waves on a freighter, with one woman passenger aboard. The atmosphere is refreshing; it is different, it is human, and, if you like pictures of the sea, you will enjoy this one.

One woman on a freighter. But there are no leering faces of evil seamen pursuing this one woman. True, the men all desire her, but they do not give vent to these desires in the rough way that movie sailors often do.

Florence Vidor

But they vie for the lady's favor by entertaining her little girl, by giving her presents at the Christmas party on the high seas.

Helen Salvia (Florence Vidor) is this one and only woman passenger on Captain Glanville's ship. Captain Glanville (Jack Holt) had never before consented to take a woman on board, knowing what havoc it would wreak with the ship's discipline, but Mrs. Salvia's case is so pathetic that he weakens. She has to get to Panda, Portuguese East Africa, to look for a wandering husband, for her husband's Italian parents have turned her out and are trying to keep the child. And Captain Glanville's ship is the only one going to Panda.

En route the stern captain softens still more toward his lady passenger and he is sorry that she is going to find a husband.

When she does find him, he is not the nice boy she had married. In fact Lorenzo Salvia (William Powell) is suffering from quite a severe case of over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants, and not at all romantically interested in Mrs. Salvia. His jungle life among the savages has made him rather rough in temperament, and his wife is forced to give up her noble intentions of sticking by him to nurse him back to the sweet young thing he is shown to have been when he first married "his English rose."

William Powell

A fight between the Portuguese inhabitants of Panda and the ship follows the convenient killing in self defense of Mrs. Salvia's husband. There is a cyclone that generously lifts the ship over the dreaded danger rocks — the "sea horses"—and Captain Glanville and Mrs. Salvia are headed toward England.

George Bancroft as Cochran, a burly Irish adventurer, gives a good performance. William Powell is excellent as the undesirable husband, Jack Holt is the usual noble hero, and Florence Vidor is as easy to look at as ever.

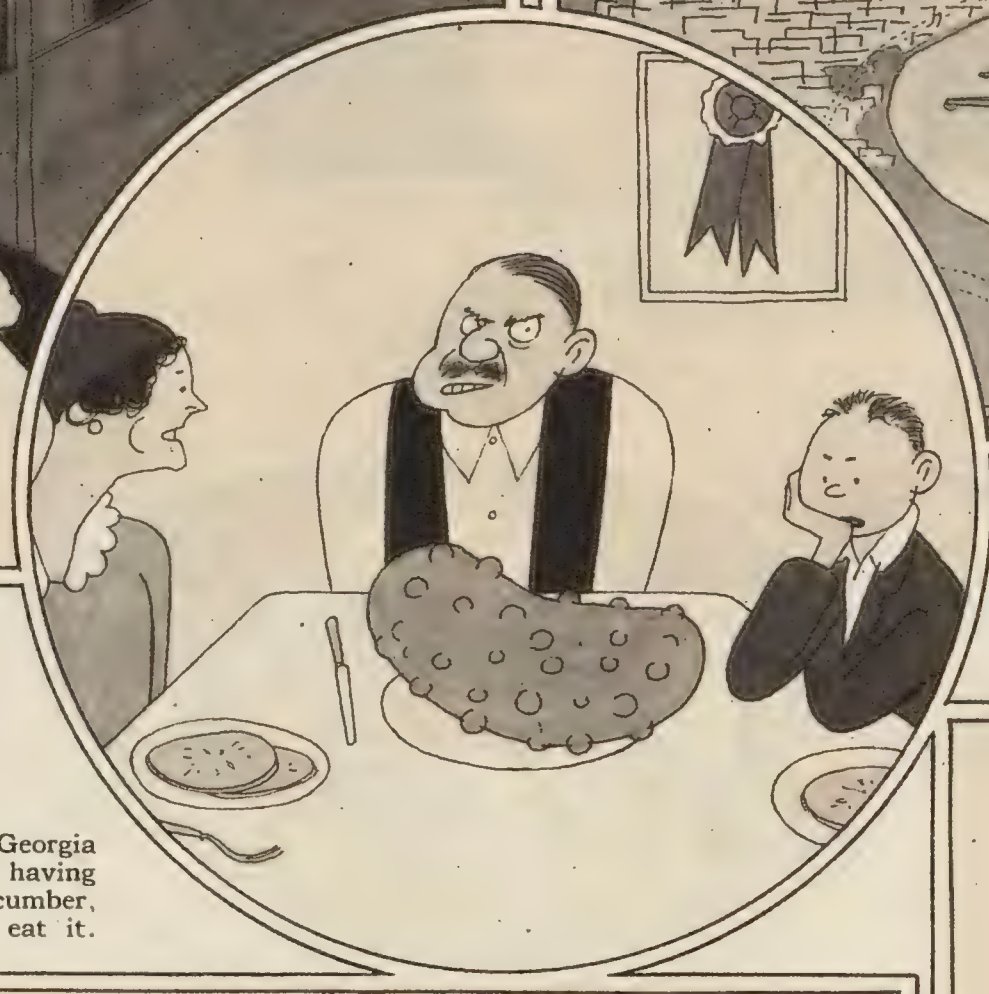
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

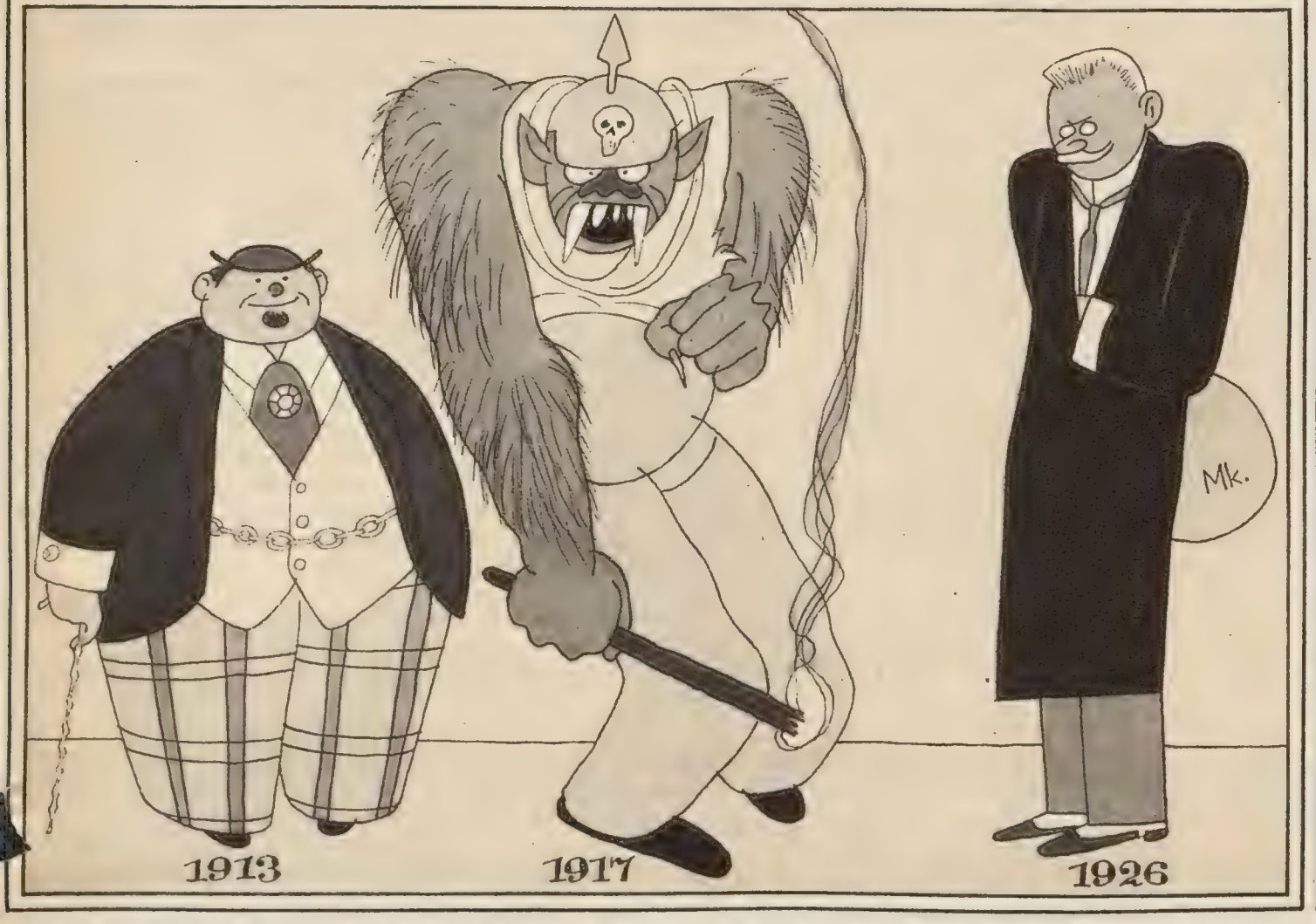
By RALPH BARTON

MISS VERA RITHERBLATCH, "HOME GIRL," winner of Metropolitan Beauty Contest, waves to her parents as she speeds through her home town from New York to Hollywood.

DIAGRAMMATIC PHOTOGRAPH showing the apparatus for utilizing the surplus energy from Premier Mussolini's public speeches to keep Mount Vesuvius going at full blast for the tourists.



MEADOWBROOK RAFFLES, Georgia farmer, winner of a blue ribbon for having raised the World's Largest Cucumber, presses his family into service to eat it.



WAXWORKS FIGURES being manufactured for the League of Nations Building at the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial Exposition, showing the American idea of Germany at different epochs during the past thirteen years. The figures show the comic opera idea of a German prior to 1914; the Hun, and the modern investor in marks.

MINDANAO K. FORMOSA AND R. PEDRO LUZAN sail from San Francisco for the Philippines after a tour of the bandit, bootleg, and lynching districts to ascertain if the United States is capable of governing itself.

Salads—Nature's Spring Tonic

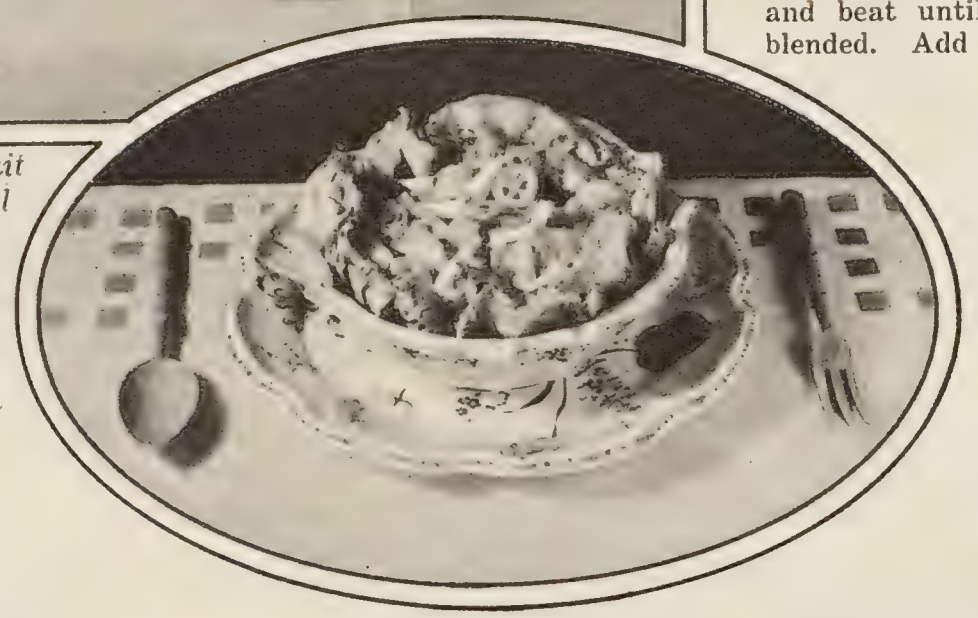
By ETHEL SOMERS

IMPORTANT benefits are at hand for those who are to use the alluring influx of spring vegetables to enliven their dinner table. Fresh growing plants are among the best of nature's spring tonics. Spring salads, by presenting these in their raw state, have no superior when it comes to patching up the ragged nervous edge brought about by the more or less insufficient, depleted winter diet.

If you would encourage and invigorate your family and prepare them thoroughly to enjoy the coming out-of-door fun, increase your repertoire of salads. Nothing is so refreshing, so light, and soothing as a generous serving of crispy salad plants with a piquant dressing. Make your salad service larger and more frequent.

Salad preparation is one form of cooking where your fancy can play at will. Scarcely ever is it necessary to follow any hard and fast rules of assemblage, except in the making of the dressings. Stock your salad shelf with a goodly assortment of savory dressings weekly or semi-weekly as your family appetite may warrant, and then proceed with these to touch up the clean, crisp, chilled salad plants which your daily local market may afford. Serving the salads with the meat or following it, or, if the meal has been a rather heavy one, the use of the salad form of dessert, will work wonders with your family's health. Maintenance of the salad as a surprise feature on the menu will register most favorably all around the board.

To remove grapefruit sections readily, peel and halve the grapefruit, tear off membrane, and remove one section of fruit pulp at a time.



Finished kumquat salad arranged for service. Note that all pieces are distinct; a good salad mixture is never wet or messy.

Endive Salad

6 stalks endive
1½ grapefruit
Lettuce
Roquefort dressing

CLEAN endive and shred it crosswise of the leaves. Remove grapefruit sections from membrane and cut in half. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with Roquefort dressing.

Italian Fruit Salad

2 red apples
2 oranges
1 grapefruit
1 green onion
½ cup mayonnaise or boiled fruit dressing

WASH, core, and slice the apples. Section the oranges and cut into small pieces. Remove the grapefruit sections from the membrane. Chop onion. Chill dressing. Arrange leaves on salad plates, place the fruit on top, using the larger or grapefruit section for ornamentation. Garnish with the dressing.

Pepper Salad

3 hard-cooked eggs
1 red sweet pepper
2 green peppers
1 tablespoon gelatine
2 tablespoons cold water
¾ cup boiling water
Juice of ½ lemon
¼ cup sugar

PREPARE the gelatine, cold water, boiling water, sugar, and lemon juice as for perfection salad. Remove the eggs from the shells and place the eggs in the pepper cases from which the seeds and core have been entirely removed. Stir the gelatine mixture and pour it in around the egg until the cases are filled. Set aside to chill. When the gelatine is hardened slice the peppers and serve on lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing.

Carrot Salad

2 cups cooked carrots
1 cup thinly sliced radishes
2 tablespoons parsley
¼ cup finely chopped green onions
½ cup spice French dressing

TOSS all together and serve cold on chilled lettuce leaves with spiced dressing.

Salad Oil may be used as purchased—all olive oil, all corn oil, or all cotton-seed oil. An economical and pleasant combination to be recommended is two-thirds corn or cotton-seed oil and one-third olive oil.

Kumquat Salad

8 kumquats
¼ grapefruit
1 red apple
6 walnuts
Fruit salad dressing
Lettuce

WASH and slice kumquats. Remove grapefruit sections from membrane and slice. Core apple and dice it unpeeled. Chop walnut meats. Mix with dressing and arrange on lettuce.

Glorified Perfection Salad

1 green pepper
2 sweet red peppers
1 cucumber
1 stalk endive
2 tablespoons gelatine
4 tablespoons cold water
1¾ cups boiling water
Juice of lemon
½ cup sugar

DICE the vegetables. Soak the gelatine in cold water. Dissolve it in boiling water. Add the lemon juice, sugar and vegetables. Pour into individual molds and allow it to harden. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Mayonnaise Dressing

1 egg yolk
1 cup salad oil
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
¼ teaspoon mustard
¾ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon sugar
1/16 teaspoon cayenne pepper
2 tablespoons boiling water

CHILL all the ingredients. Place the mixed dry ingredients in a bowl with the egg yolk and beat until the mixture is thick and well blended. Add the oil and few drops at a time beating continuously to form an emulsion. Continue to beat in the oil, drop by drop, so long as the mixture does not separate. (Should the oil be added too fast it will separate from the egg and in such a case nothing can be done except to proceed more slowly and build up an emulsion by gradually dropping and beating this spoiled mixture into the left over egg white.) If the mixture gets too thick to take on any more oil beat in some of the vinegar and lemon juice. These have a thinning effect and are best added as needed rather than at the start. As the dressing thickens the oil may be added in increasingly larger amounts, say a tablespoonful. When all of the oil has been beaten in add any remaining vinegar or lemon juice, and then beat in the boiling water.

French Dressing (1 Cup) *Spicy Dressing*

1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon mustard
¼ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar
¾ cup salad oil
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika
⅛ teaspoon cloves
⅛ teaspoon allspice
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
½ cup salad oil
¼ cup lemon juice
1 teaspoon Worcestershire

PLACE all of the ingredients in a bottle, cork and keep on ice until ready to use. Shake thoroughly that the mixture will be well blended each time before using.

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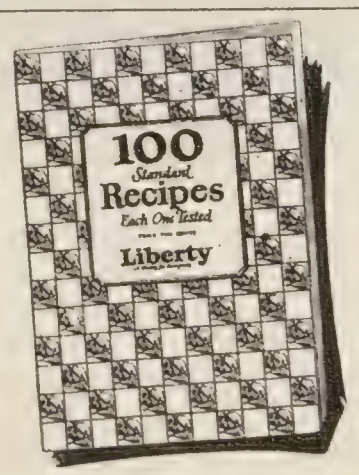

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4-10-26

Black Now Used *for* Day *and* Evening

By *MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS*

EVENING clothes just naturally die on us even while hanging in the closet. They lose their sparkle and look droopy and dead when we take them out in a hurry to wear to a party we only got invited to a few hours before. We thought that there was the perfectly good dress we had bought only six months ago and worn six times—but the punch has all gone out of it, we find. I had one in Paris which I tried to revive with a gold slip underneath, but unsuccessfully; then with a chiffon overdress, and again with a twisted rope belt, beaded, and a chiffon scarf trimmed in ermine. But no artificial respiration could revive it.

Maybe what it needed was some champagne.

I once dedicated at a party an evening dress which the Callot sisters had just that day completed. It was in black velvet with beaded borders like embroidery in pale blue, and with flesh colored satin discreetly filling in shoulders and chest. The function was a New Year's Eve supper in Paris, and one of the American girls of our group lifted a glass of champagne high, in the mistaken idea, no doubt, that she was going to sip it. What she really did was to lay it on my shoulder in such a position that it would trickle the length of my new Callot dress, front and back alike.

The next day I could not find the area it had spilled over, but took it back to the Callot sisters on general principles. Madame Callot looked it over and exclaimed, a little surprised at my attitude, "*Mon Dieu! Mais non!* A little good champagne never hurt anything."

All of this is out of the past. But at any rate, here is a 1926 model of an evening dress, and perhaps because it is in black, with the sure information that there is a whole Paris full of others in the somber color, it recalls so vividly the above memories. It is a little soon for a style to recur—so short a time it has been since the whole world was swathed in black. Still, we all knew the French were going for a little excursion in colors in order that they could the more flagrantly revel in their mad dementia for black. White or champagne color with black for daytime and black over pink for evening are favorite combinations; but never mind. The costumes will be black to the foundations by and by. Chiffon is used for evening gowns and there will presently be layers upon layers of it, all somber and resting against a background of lingerie that will be black, too.

After all, every black evening dress looks just like every other, so we may at least do away with that tragedy of having our costumes die on us by supporting just one at a time and wearing it until it dies of hard labor instead of hanging in the closet waiting its turn.

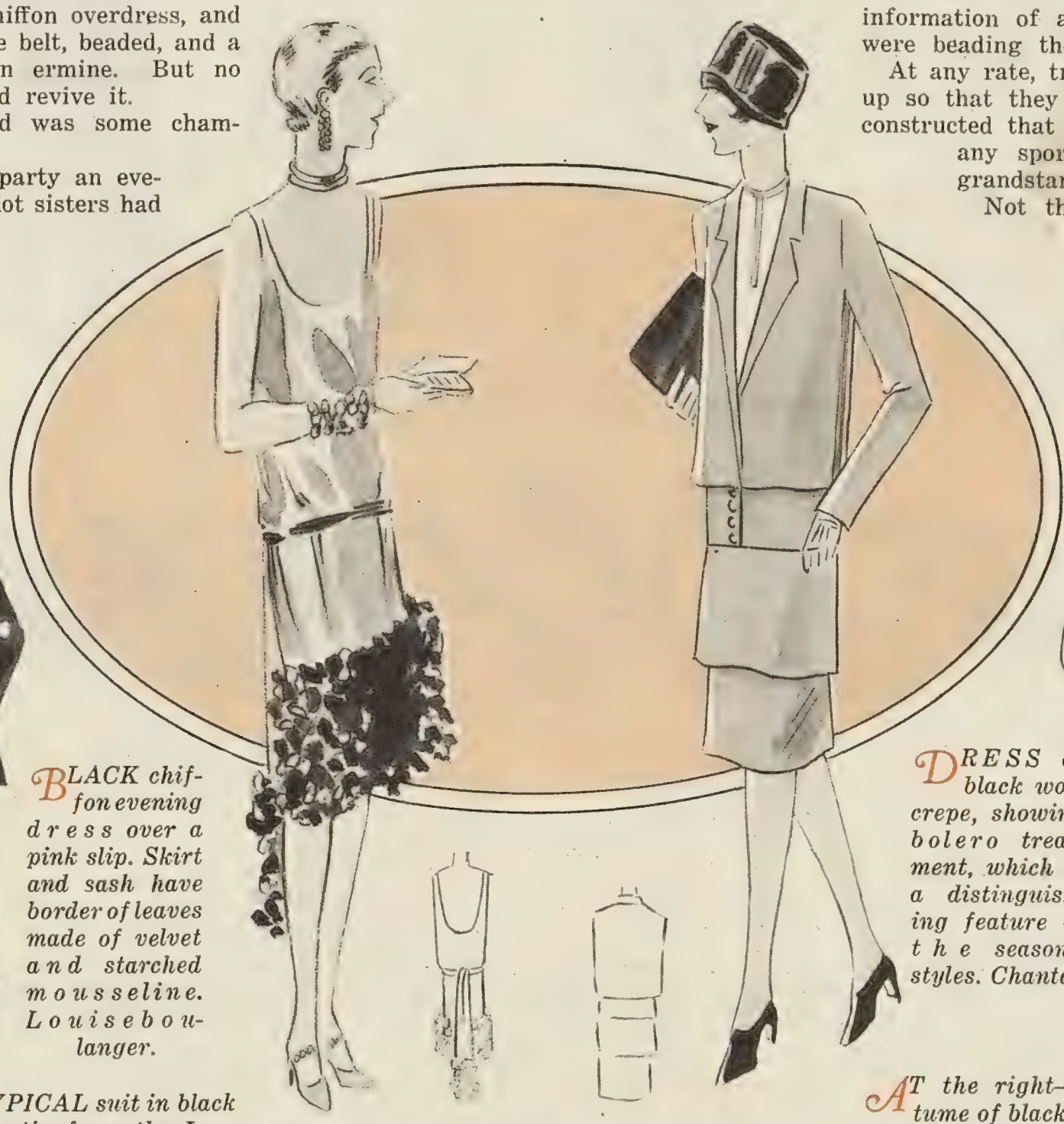
As an item not too gay (I hope) to accompany so gloomy a description, please notice the evening slippers of the lady at left center. They are of gold and they have instep bands which look a little like the half of a bracelet. The bands are jeweled. It is almost a gay life, after all.

Of course there is nothing very startling in the information that all dressy clothes are growing blacker and blacker, but all of the costumes shown here, which depict correct habiliments for every time of day and every occasion, are in the same color scheme. And isn't it going a little far, even for the French, to be making sports clothes in black too? This seems almost more sensational than the information of a few weeks ago that they were beading their sports dresses.

At any rate, trust the French to get them up so that they will look lovely and be so constructed that you could not possibly play any sport in them. They are for grandstand wear.

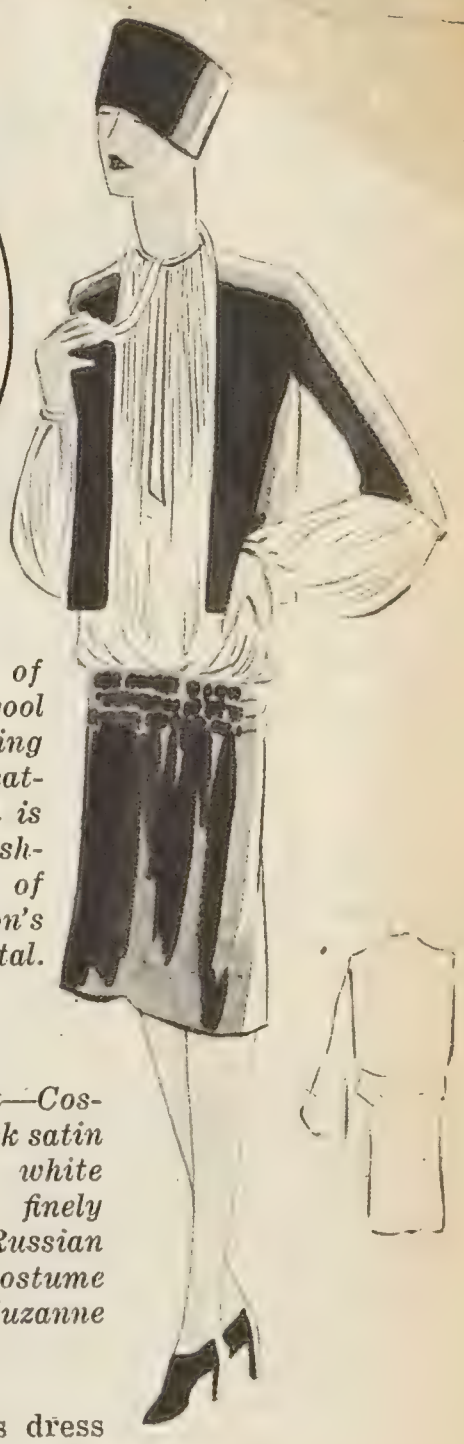
Not the least interesting feature about the sports dress shown here by Lanvin is the accompanying hat, which departs from the stiff, high lines so dear to Reboux and is a tam-o'-shanter in effect, black felt in material, with a stitching going round the edge of it several times in white.

The other black satin dress is also by a designer of millinery as well as of costumes. Suzanne Talbot offers a hat in the Russian manner, which seems to be accepted with enthusiasm here. It, too, is of felt. The dress is an exceptionally good one for us Americans, and if we liked we could omit the bolero jacket from it, at the same time invoking practicality by having the blouse and the skirt in the same color if not off the same piece.



BLACK chiffon evening dress over a pink slip. Skirt and sash have border of leaves made of velvet and starched mousseline. Louiseboulanger.

TYPICAL suit in black satin from the Lanvin sports shop, with long shoulder yoke, flaring short coat, and plaited skirt. The blouse is of white satin.



DRESS of black wool crepe, showing bolero treatment, which is a distinguishing feature of the season's styles. Chantal.

AT the right—Costume of black satin bolero jacket, white lingerie blouse, finely tucked, and Russian style felt hat. Costume and hat by Suzanne Talbot.

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Smart Frocks *That Are* Inexpensive

By PATRICIA

THESE youthful models may be worn for immediate and summer wear. The new interesting necklines and rippling skirts identify them with the new mode. The designs give you an opportunity to be first with what is new.

The circular skirt, collar, and cuffs of design No. 2593 are made of apple green linen, with the waist and sleeves of white linen. The dress is very pretty and dainty too, made of red and white dotted sateen, fine challis, or light blue flannel, with crepe silk in same shade for collar and cuffs. Cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. The 8-year size takes 1½ yards of 36-inch plain material, with 1⅜ yards of 36-inch figured material.

The princess frock shown in design No. 2638 features a gathered jabot stitched on front of dress in pointed outline. It is made of navy blue taffeta. The jabot is of white georgette crepe with the edge picoted in navy blue. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 4 yards of 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

A little French model with quaintly molded bodice and flaring skirt is pictured in design No. 2671. It is fashioned of Quaker gray silk crepe, printed in spring blossoms of every hue. The only trimming is the mauve plain crepe used for binding. The pattern cuts in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material.

White georgette crepe with a gay border design is used in the stunning model for afternoon wear in design No. 2676. The neck and sleeves are picoted in white. Phantom red velvet ribbon is used for the sash. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 2⅛ yards of 54-inch bordered material.

Frisca, with checked design in two shades of beige, makes the sports frock shown in design No. 2498. Plain beige silk crepe is used for contrasting. It is also very smart made of flat crepe, faille crepe, printed crepe, or twill. The pattern cuts in sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust. The 36-inch size takes 3½ yards of 40-inch material, with ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.

A striped flannel junior frock, lovely for playtime or school, is featured in design No. 2379. It is smart and practical made of English print, jersey, striped linen, challis, and washable silk. Cuts in sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. The 8-year size takes 2 yards of 27-inch material, with ⅝ yard of 18-inch contrasting.

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Gypping the DIVORCE *Ladies in* PARIS

Foolish Wives, Dummy Husbands, and Shyster Lawyers Play Leads in Court Farce

An Article by
SCOTT ARMSTRONG

MRS. BECKETT thought she could run over to France and bring back a divorce as a surprise to wave in her husband's face.

She joined the pilgrimage that hundreds of Americans are making to the Paris divorce mill, all lured by the wide-flung publicity about quick and easy divorces. What hap-

International Photo.
Mrs. Joseph A. Blake

At the right—the Baroness d'Erlanger

P. & A. Photo.

P. & A. Photo.
Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, formerly Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt

© Harris & Ewing
Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes in a gorgeous gown of her own design at the Junior Cabaret Ball at Washington, D. C.

ened to her illustrates ow these women are eing gypped every day shyster lawyers who ave sprung up about the ill like peanut stands round a circus.

The shysters of Paris have various methods. he one they worked on Mrs. Beckett (which, f course, is not her right name) was the ummy Husband plan. It was the simplest thing in the world as she explained it to me.

"A few days after I had engaged a French lawyer on the Rue X to get me a quick and easy divorce for four thousand dollars, half in advance, I was called to court [it is Mrs. Beckett speaking] and to the private chamber of one of the judges. He was a gray-haired, fatherly sort of judge. Near him sat an interpreter, through whom we carried on our confab.

"Across the table from me sat a tall American—my dummy husband. He had been a schoolteacher in Detroit, and had eloped from convention to the Left Bank to write a novel. I don't know how much my lawyer paid him for impersonating Oliver Beckett, but whatever it was, he needed it. I had been introduced to him in the lawyer's office and had taken him around to the cafes so we would recognize each other in court.

"The judge read my complaint against Oliver N. Beckett, then turned a benign smile upon the man he assumed to be Oliver:

"'Are you sure you two cannot continue living together?'

"Oliver looked undecided.

"'Certainly,' I said firmly, and repeated what the lawyer had taught me: 'He refuses to let me occupy his apartment, therefore I have no home.'

"The judge turned again to Oliver. 'Is that right?'

"Oliver said 'Yes. She's fat. She's ugly. She's getting old. She is dumb, and I love another woman.' (Later he apologized to me for this untruthful slander.)

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It pays to be sure

(46)

Boys—

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Sterling Beaumont of Alabama, won a bicycle for selling Liberty, and here are a number of boys admiring it.

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[GYPPING THE DIVORCE LADIES IN PARIS
Continued from Page Seventy-five]

"I got my divorce in twelve days—merry days, with a dummy husband to entertain—and came straight back to New York and to the real Oliver N. Beckett's office.

"'I just wanted to tell you,' I said triumphantly, 'that we are now divorced. I'm free! You're free. And so. And so——'

"'——is your old man,' said my husband dubiously. He grabbed the divorce and studied it. And you didn't need to read the newspapers to know there was a storm.

"He yelled 'fraud' and said he'd put me in jail and the lawyer, too, if I ever left him again. And so I returned to my home quietly; nor could I get any of the four thousand dollars back, because I was partly guilty and we have our reputations to consider."

NOW, it is true that all American divorce pilgrims who return from Paris are divided into three parts: those who have legal divorces, those with fake divorces, and those with no divorces at all. Each has paid for her trip—or his—to the mill a fee ranging from fifty dollars to five thousand dollars. There is a fourth class, including those who are gypped of all their money and cannot get back to America.

Paris shysters are separating so many American ladies from their money and not from their husbands because so many of the pilgrims are not eligible for divorce.

Time was when virtually all of them could get speedy decrees in Paris, Nice, and other French cities. But the system was changed a couple of years ago, and since then there has been a confusion in publicity. American newspapers say that no pilgrim can get a French divorce any more and in the same issue relate that Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, Mrs. Sylvanus Stokes, or some other notable has obtained an absolute decree.

So while in France I sought an authority who could explain the situation. I went to the Paris office of Leslie R. Naftzger, office associate of Dudley Field Malone. Mr. Naftzger is counsel to Americans abroad and on Continental law to attorneys in the States. Mr. Naftzger gave me the chief facts of the French divorce system as it is working out today for American pilgrims:

1. Any American woman who goes to France can get an easy divorce, providing her husband will help her get it (and vice versa).

2. If the husband is willing to have the divorce and will go along to France with his wife, they can establish residence and obtain a decree within a week or ten days.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-SIX]

3. A legal divorce can be obtained by the Dummy Husband plan, but the real husband, remaining in America, must delegate the dummy to represent him in court, and must sign a statement admitting his wife's grounds for divorce. In this case the husband *elects* domicile in France for the purpose of the suit in the office of a French *avoue* (solicitor) and the solicitor becomes the dummy husband.

The statement from the husband can be a letter similar to the one written to Mae Murray, the screen favorite, by Robert Z. Leonard, the moving-picture director, reading: "I will never live with you again, under any condition, anywhere." Leonard elected residence in Paris and remained in California, while Miss Murray took a vacation and this letter to Paris. She arrived there on March 31, 1925. Some weeks later, May 18, the divorce was granted to her. The judge, referring to Leonard's letter, said: "I consider that sentence as a grave injury. It is fully sufficient under the French law for a divorce."

Indeed, the *injure grave* caused by desertion, a beating, or other villainy, when admitted by the defendant, is France's most common cause for divorce. Another ground, adultery, is exceedingly difficult to prove under the French law.

4. No American woman can get an easy divorce in France if her husband refuses to help her. The applicant must have grounds that are sufficient for divorce in the particular State of America she comes from.

5. All pilgrims who are being gypped by shysters today are those whose husbands will not help in getting a divorce.

OF this type was the quiet home-loving postmaster in an up-State city of New York. About the only grievance his wife had against him was his indisposition to run around nights and learn to dance the charleston.

Yet she joined the pilgrimage to Paris.

She walked confidingly into a French lawyer's office, explained the surprise she planned for her husband, paid fifty dollars down, and arranged to give an additional twenty dollars a week until freed.

The first thing the lawyer had her do was apply for a court order giving her a residence in France, separate from her husband's in New York. This was necessary, he explained truthfully, because the French law says that a woman's home is where her husband hangs his hat, unless otherwise legally specified.

The lawyer could afford to be truthful with her because it wasn't necessary to invent anything in order to get all her money.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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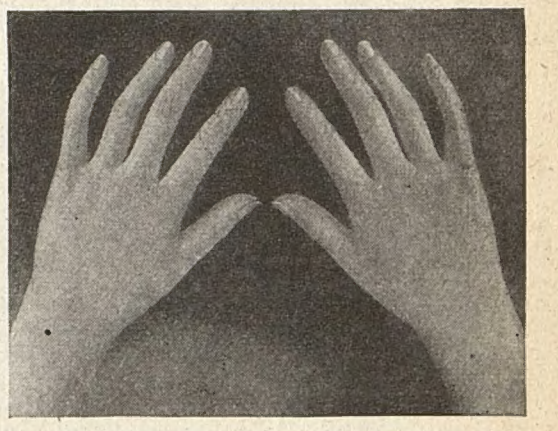

My Hands

Keep a velvet skin

By Edna Wallace Hopper

In my stage work I must wash in many sorts of water and many times a day. But I keep my hands like velvet, soft and youthful, like my face. They would mar my beauty greatly did I not, for everyone looks at the hands.

Some able experts made me a marvelous lotion. In it they combined all the best science knows for the hands. I use it after every washing, then at night. It leaves no residue, no grease. But it keeps the skin like babe-skin, despite all water, wind and sun.

I call this my Youth Hand Lotion. All toilet counters now supply it in my name. Everyone who will may use it, and any woman will who tries it. All women want beautiful hands.

Let me send a sample tube. The coupon will bring it with my Beauty Book and some powder. Clip coupon now. I promise you a new delight.

For Trial Size 54-L

Mail to Edna Wallace Hopper, 536 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 10c postage and packing on sample of Youth Hand Lotion.

Name.....

Address.....

In addition to trial tube ordered above we will include Free, without postage or packing charges, Free sample of either.

☐ Youth Cream Powder or ☐ Face Powder

White—Flesh—Brunette

(Check kind and shade desired)

[GYPPING THE DIVORCE LADIES IN PARIS
Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

To get such a court order requires anywhere from a few weeks to six months or longer. Her lawyer dragged out proceedings as long as possible, all the time collecting from her.

And only after she had exhausted her funds and patience did he come across with another lesson in French law.

"Madam," explained the lawyer, "your husband refuses to come to Paris or to accept jurisdiction of our courts by proxy. We can serve him with papers, but our charges must be such as are recognized in New York, and he must be given opportunity to deny them. I might be able to put something over for you here, but what good will it do you back in America if your husband doesn't want you to have it? You must prove him guilty of adultery, which is the only ground for action in his State."

Underwood & Underwood
Edith Kelly Gould

In other words, the woman was asked to go through all the fight of a New York divorce court with the additional delay of consular red tape and of bringing witnesses to France. She returned home still married but penniless.

"Consultation with any reputable attorney would have been a cheap investment for this woman to make before leaving her home," said Mr. Naftzger. "Many others like her have taken savings or have involved themselves in debt, only to find that divorce for them is an impossibility in France."

If the pilgrim is a man, the time element is shortened, because in France a man can become a resident in a day, and the wife's residence automatically coincides with his. But in suing his wife back home (if she objects to divorce) he must do so under the law of her State, because the law in America does not recognize that her home is in France with her husband's.

The world doesn't hear much about these frauds because the ones who are gypped seldom broadcast their affairs.

ONE more example: An American actress walked into a shyster's web and paid him one thousand dollars on his promise of a quick divorce. The shyster knew at the time he could not obtain a satisfactory decree for her because her husband objected. The husband was living at the same hotel with the actress there in Paris. He could disprove any charge of desertion by merely inviting her to his room. He had never struck her; had not been unfaithful, at least that she could prove; he had never been convicted of a crime. What grounds, then, had she?

"Incompatibility of temperament," said the shyster brightly.

"Fine," said the actress, and proceeded to dictate a long typewritten statement to prove incompatibility. She accused him of ridiculous booberies and laid bare her own soul a trifle. And this statement became a black Frankenstein when a few days later she discovered that she was not to get a decree.

"Something has happened," said the lawyer suavely. "A law has been passed in France, which says that incompatibility is no longer grounds for divorce." Therefore he could do nothing for her, not even return her thousand dollars. The fact that the law he referred to had been passed a hundred years ago meant nothing to this shyster, and he easily ended her claim against him by threatening to give her signed statement to her husband, a form of blackmail she dared not ignore.

Elsie Ferguson

Nickolas Muray
Peggy Hopkins Joyce

The reason a French divorce is so easily acquired by an American pilgrim who has her husband's help is:

1. The French law gives its divorce courts jurisdiction over all actual residents of the country. Hence, when both parties go to France and register themselves as residents, swearing they have no other home in the world, the law is satisfied.

2. When only the wife becomes a resident of France and her husband in America accepts jurisdiction of the court (and vice versa), the French law also is satisfied.

The French court will decide questions of children and alimony. There have been few test cases in America to question such decisions.

One such case was brought in the New York Court of Appeals by Edith Kelly Gould, to whom the court at Versailles had given only three thousand francs a month of all Frank J. Gould's millions. The New York court held that she had furthermore accepted jurisdiction of the court there; hence that the French court's verdict giving him the divorce and her the air was binding.

P. & A. Photo
Winifred Hudnut Valentino

Similarly the Paris court awarded custody of three children to Clarence H. Mackay, unwilling father-in-law of Irving Berlin. Mrs. Mackay, now Mrs. Joseph A. Blake, sailed away to Paris in December, 1913, to start a divorce.

A few weeks later, on January 7, 1914, Mr. Mackay departed on a liner from New York, raced into the French capital, accepted service in the action, and caught the same ship back to America. And the divorce was granted on February 11; grounds—desertion, charged by each and denied by neither of them.

America learned about this quick and easy system from the famous Mackay case and then started its pilgrimages to the mill.

French yearly divorce statistics, which in 1913 had totaled 15,450, increased by 1923 to 23,600. How many of these new ones were pilgrims from America is not specified officially.

YOU have read about some of the famous pilgrims—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, formerly Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt; Elsie Ferguson; the Baroness d'Erlanger, formerly Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, and, more recently, Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

It was so easy in those ten years, starting with 1914 and only ceasing during the war.

Then, in 1924, the French discovered that about one-half of all the divorces issued to American pilgrims since 1914 were not according to either French or American law.

"Immediately this discovery was made," says Mr. Naftzger, "the French Department of Justice sent out letters to all *ministres publiques*—attorneys representing the state in all actions involving social relations—calling their attention to the fact that the law was not being observed; that divorces were being granted illegally."

The letters stopped the divorce-mill wheels from operating speedily for all American pilgrims who cannot get the help of their other halves in the suit and started the shysters to working on those pilgrims.

THE END

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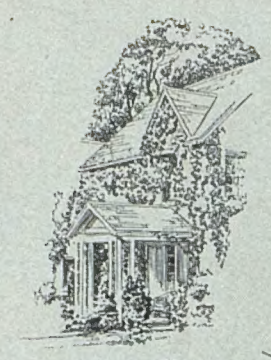

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